BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1943

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 27, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1943

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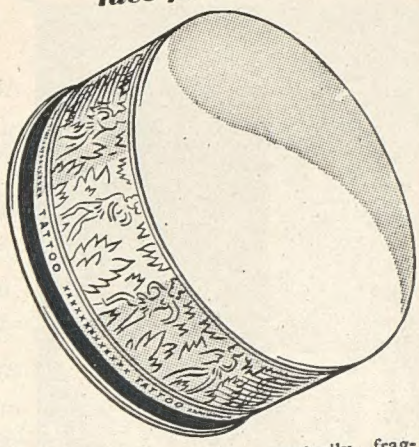
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Peach-blossom youthfulness satin-textured, stay-on face powder by Tattoo!



Gossamer-light, smooth, exotically fragrant, it stays and stays . . . clings to you like a satin-textured second skin with a kissable never-before smoothness. Tattoo Powder gives a freshness of peach-blossom youthfulness, a transparent depth to your complexion which before you'd only dreamed of possessing . . . and, as hinted, it will stay till comes the dawn!

So lovely are complexions by

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FACE POWDER

Four subtle shades, Nude · Flesh · Brunette · Native. In large Box 4'1½ including Tax. Also Small size, 1'3 including Tax.

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To those about to be Married . .

SOFT, fluffy blankets were always a first essential in the furnishing of the new home.

"MODERNA" Blankets used to take pride in being made of pure *lamb's* wool, the safest and lightest—and we wove more threads to the inch in warp and weft than in an ordinary blanket. Their texture does not change in the wash, nor do they shrink.

Your War Savings will buy "MODERNA" after the war, if you do not spend your money on unnecessary things now. Make do with what you've got, or stock the new home with the barest essentials only!

We are making blankets as good as they can be made under the current Govt. restrictions. But they cannot be made like "MODERNA."

Thomas RATCLIFFE & Co. Ltd. MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

Menders of Men . . .

After the smoke and flame
of Blitz,
after the crash and shock
of fighting convoy,
after the strain and roar
and thirst of battle—
Quiet . . .
and those white caps
movingsilently, efficiently
about the ward.
A kind face
leaning over—
"*How are you feeling?*
Eh—more comfortable?
You'll be all right."
In the long night watches
the shaded lamp
of the night nurse
is like a star
in the dark.
A pillow eased . . .
a glass of water.
Dawn breaks—at last.
Pain grows less—hope
returns with a joke.
Day follows day
in kindness—then,
You can get up tomorrow
"Oh gosh—that's great!"

* * * *

Into the wheel-chair
into the sunshine,
White caps of healing
well in attendance—
I say Nurse—
Plenty of laughs . . .
broken lives
repaired!

* * * *

Let us remember all they are doing when we consider our work and our saving. Let our saving reflect the measure of our gratitude to them. Save more.

. . . Save for Victory

Issued by the National Savings Committee

The name which stood for Quality in times of plenty means so much more today

Although the output of Chilprufe is restricted to a range of essential garments for Infants and Young Children, the quality remains — the Finest Pure Wool obtainable.

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MADE SOLELY FOR INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
LEICESTER

Styled in Wood

by Swan

A WOODEN SOLE WINNER BY CROCKETT & JONES, NORTHAMPTON

MANUFACTURERS OF 'SWAN' SHOES & 'HEALTH' SHOES

CVS—96

When we banish blackout

There are some shops that take a pleasure and pride in their workroom-made curtains. And although the wartime shortage of curtain materials and "Rufflette" curtain accessories is making things difficult for them, they are courageously carrying on. If you are needing new curtains, why not give them a chance to show what they can do?

'Rufflette' BRAND
CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS, LTD.
Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Office: 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.

A French's product.

here's a bit of luck...

tonight we'll have some Nescafé

Nescafé is hard to find; under wartime conditions we cannot keep pace with increased popularity; grocers everywhere are rationed on a quota basis. But sometimes you'll be lucky enough to get a tin. And then—what a treat to be able to make a cup of fine coffee right in the cup! Nescafé is concentrated coffee in powder form. Dissolves instantly in hot water. No grounds, no mess, no coffee-pot.

NESCAFÉ
A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

N2

Food for the picking

Blackberrying is a traditional custom that most of us have enjoyed at one time or another. There are other Hedgerow Harvests too, that provide good things for the larder. So why not take the children and go a-harvesting? Be sure, however, that in their excitement they do not damage bushes or hedges, or walk through growing crops, or, for instance, gather mushrooms in fields without getting the farmer's permission.

Rose Hips. These are the berries of the wild rose. Do not pick them until they are perfectly ripe. They then will make a delicious syrup exceedingly rich in Vitamin C. 2 teaspoonfuls of Rose Hip syrup a day puts you on the safe side for this vitamin.

Rose Hip Syrup. *2 lbs. ripe red rose hips, 1¼ lbs. sugar, 4½ pints water.*

1. Have ready a saucepan containing 3 pints of boiling water.

2. Put hips through a coarse mincer and drop them at once into the boiling water; if possible mince directly into the water. Bring all to the boil again.

3. Remove from heat and let stand 15 minutes.

4. Turn out into flannel or linen crash jelly bag. To make sure all the sharp hairs are removed, first let half a cupful of juice drip through into a clean bowl. Pour this juice back into bag and let drip until most of the juice is through.

5. Return pulp to saucepan or a bowl, add 1½ pints boiling water, stir and let stand 10 minutes (do not heat up again).

6. Return to jelly bag and do exactly as you did with the first lot of juice.

7. Put both lots of juice together into a clean saucepan and boil down until you have about 1½ pints. Add 1¼ lbs. sugar and boil for a further 5 minutes.

8. Pour at once into sterilised bottles and seal. Store in a dark cupboard.

How to Sterilise your Bottles. Bottles should be sterilised by being put into a pan of cold water, brought to the boil and boiled for 2 or 3 minutes.

Corks should have been boiled for 15 minutes. Cover the corks, when inserted, with melted wax.

It is best to use small bottles and jars because once opened, the syrup keeps only for a week or two.

NOTE: Do not use anything containing iron or copper when making the syrup as these destroy some of the Vitamin C.

Elderberries are delicious stewed with half-and-half apple; or made into jam with an equal quantity of sour apples. Wash and strip them from the stems before using.

Nuts. Cobnuts and filberts are good keepers. Choose very sound, well-coloured nuts. Remove them from their husks, spread them out and leave to dry. When thoroughly dry, pack tightly into jars or crocks and cover with an inch layer of crushed block salt. If the containers have lids, put them on top as an extra precaution against shrivelling. Packed in this way, your nuts should keep till Christmas. Beechnuts make good eating, too. Store them as you would cobnuts. Use as almonds.

Hedgerow Harvest Leaflet containing many useful recipes for using wild produce will be sent to all who ask. Please send postcards only, addressed to Food Advice Service, Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD
(S72C)

Minton China marks the perfection of a century and a half of artistry and craftsmanship; its beauty and distinction are traditional and when happier days return Minton charm and elegance will contribute ever more indispensably to the joy of gracious living.

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The World's Most Beautiful China

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2-ply coupon-saver

Send 3d. in stamps to Dept. 53 for Booklet No. 973

P&B knitting wools

Made by PATONS & BALDWINS LTD
ALLOA SCOTLAND & HALIFAX ENGLAND

℗ 733

Anything wrong with this picture?

No question about that. The point is, how many mistakes have been made? Two are obvious—and even more obvious than the WAAF wearing a glamour hat, is the fact that she's buying Caley FORTUNE Chocolates. Quite impossible, of course, Caley aren't making FORTUNE now—and won't be, *until after the war.* Meanwhile Caley Chocolate can still be enjoyed, but in the shape of Norwich Plain Blocks, price 2½d.

There's at least one other error—what's a ship doing on the 'Wings for Victory' poster? Possibly too, the WAAF'S C.O. *might take a dim view of the sergeant's hair style!*

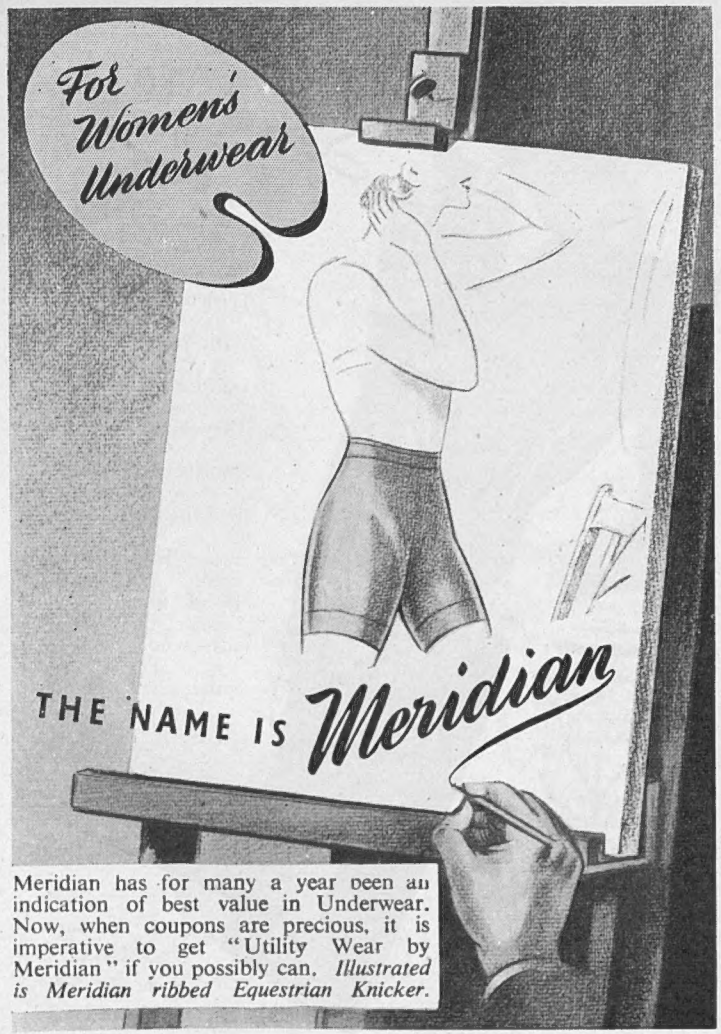
CALEY

Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the meantime, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.

CLEANSING MILK BY

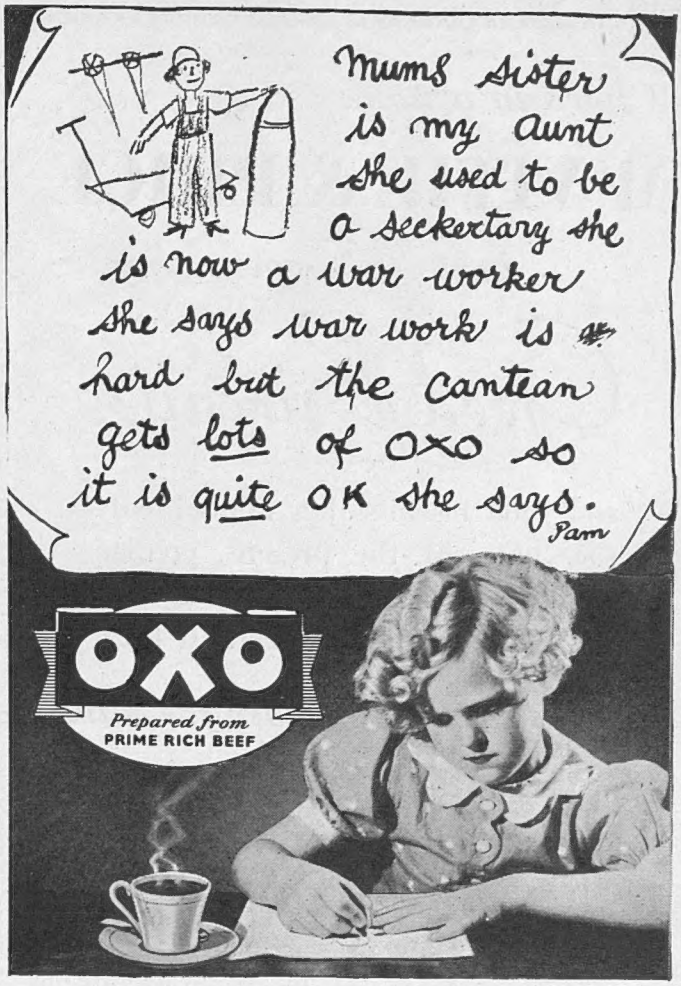
Anne French

OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



Meridian has for many a year been an indication of best value in Underwear. Now, when coupons are precious, it is imperative to get "Utility Wear by Meridian" if you possibly can. *Illustrated is Meridian ribbed Equestrian Knicker.*

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. *Estd. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade


Mums sister is my aunt she used to be a seckertary she is now a war worker she says war work is hard but the canteen gets lots of OXO so it is quite OK she says.
Pam
OXO
Prepared from PRIME RICH BEEF

REGULATION PATTERN
Officers' Footwear
FOR ALL THE SERVICES

O.F. 409 Black
O.F. 410 Brown 41/-
For Army

"Waukeezi" Service Shoes are designed and made by craftsmen with long experience in the production of Service Footwear. Made over scientifically constructed, long tested, officially approved, modern fitting lasts, to the highest grade Utility specification, they assure, at moderate price, the greatest possible "coupon value" with NO PURCHASE TAX to pay. Available only to COMMISSIONED OFFICERS against signed P.O.F. forms supplied at time of purchase. *From "Waukeezi" retailers everywhere.*

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RAF • MERCHANT
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A.T.S. • W.A.A.F
HOME GUARD
U.S. ARMY AND
NAVY • NURSING
SERVICES

"Waukeezi"
SERVICE FOOTWEAR

WAUKEEZI SHOE COMPANY LTD.

The cold water way with Parozone is the Save Fuel way to Snow-White Linens and Cottons.

Fuel must be saved by every possible means, to meet the urgent needs of essential war work, and to build up domestic stocks for the winter. And that's where Parozone is now doubly useful. Long the faithful guardian of pure and gleaming white linens and cottons, Parozone achieves its brilliant snow white result with the aid of COLD water only. Boiling is eliminated, and so fuel is saved.

USE PAROZONE FOR INDOOR WORK TOO

Parozone brings new beauty to tiles and plain woodwork, new sparkle to crystal and glass. It renders drains and lavatories completely hygienic. Where Parazone goes health goes too . . . into every corner of the home.

For
MUSTARD GAS
Parozone should be applied full strength to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.
Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE

PRE-WAR QUALITY. PRE-WAR PRICE

Head Office : Glasgow. And at London and Nottingham

What's in a name?

"McVITIE & PRICE"

instantly suggests

Good Biscuits

and good biscuits they undoubtedly are, but, for the present, civilian supplies are sadly limited and are only available in certain areas

All the same, remember the name

"McVITIE & PRICE"

MAKERS OF GOOD BISCUITS

EDINBURGH LONDON MANCHESTER

Salute to U.S.A.

This is a really distinguished suit, with its American-uniformed shoulder-to-waist overlaps. The latter are smartly piped with mist blue; the suit itself is of finest black all-wool Scotch suiting . . .

. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label

Wools are scarce — so mend and make do, but when buying wool, it is wise to

ASK FOR

Templeton's

"AYR" WOOLS

AYR WOOLS

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners • AYR • SCOTLAND

Mother!

Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

Leading a double life!

COUPONS won't run to a pair of shoes for every occasion. But Moccasin Shoes are styled to do double duty; you can find a pair that will look right with your tailored suit, and smart with "the little black frock." And Moccasin Shoes are built to stand up to this double wear. Thoroughly good leather and care in every stitch and detail of making gives them a long life. So, whether you buy Utility or otherwise, ask for Moccasin.

MOCCASIN

Two purpose Shoes

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., NORTHAMPTON

EGD.

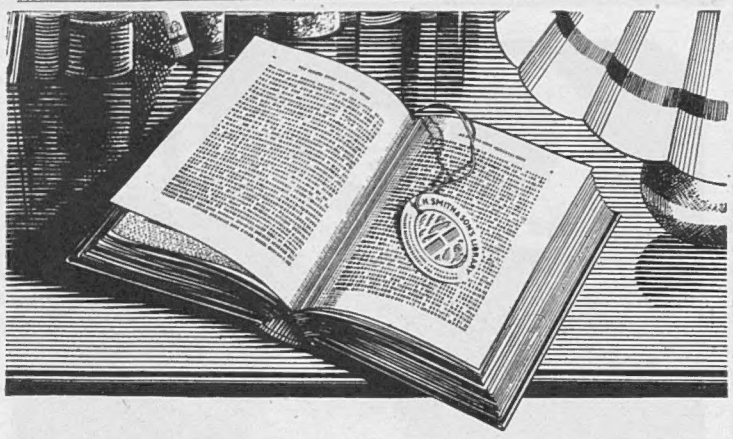
Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



The Booklover's "Season Ticket"

The W. H. S. Library ticket is indeed a "season ticket" giving access to a whole world of reading for just so long as one cares to subscribe.

Ten shillings a year for "B" service—twenty shillings a year for "A" service—forty-three shillings a year for "Preferential"—the booklover can take his choice according to his needs or the capacity of his pocket.

A membership ticket for W. H. Smith & Son's Library is about the best bargain a booklover will find in these days. Full details regarding rates for various periods can be obtained at any branch of the Library, or, in case of difficulty, direct from the Chief Librarian at Head Office.

MANY other services besides that of the Library are obtainable at Smith's Bookshops. Subject to wartime limitations, they cover all your reading and writing requirements.

W. H. SMITH AND SON, LTD., 1500 BRANCHES
HEAD OFFICE: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

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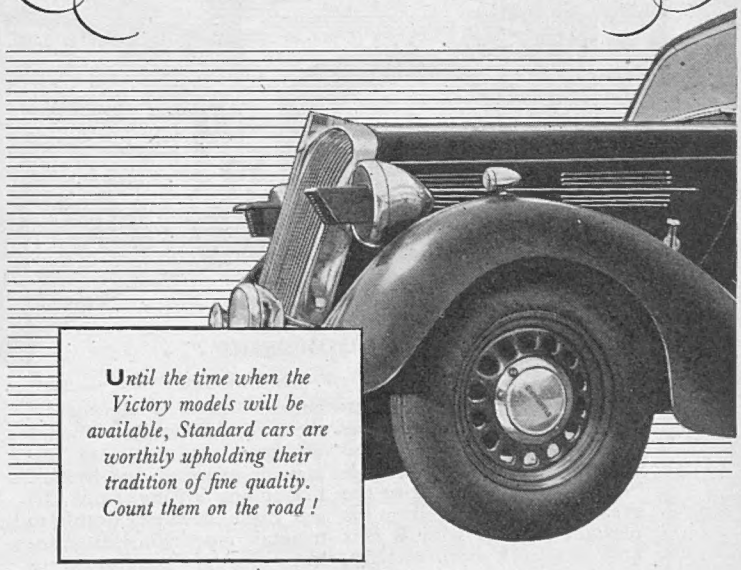
REMEMBERED WITH SATISFACTION



Until the time when the Victory models will be available, Standard cars are worthily upholding their tradition of fine quality. Count them on the road!

Anticipated with pleasure!

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

Happy days will

come again and

so will

Schweppes

Save Fuel with Liberty Shoes

I use less fuel now that I Walk with Liberty. You see, I walk more, because I walk with real comfort, and I naturally feel the cold much less. Liberty Shoes and walking have improved my health, and as for looks—well! Liberty Shoes are as smart as they are comfy —they are lovely shoes.

Liberty Shoes Ltd.

LEICESTER

B.E.J

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

"To disappoint a friend is unpleasing..."

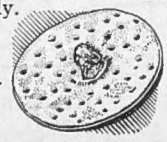
Dr. JOHNSON, 1773.

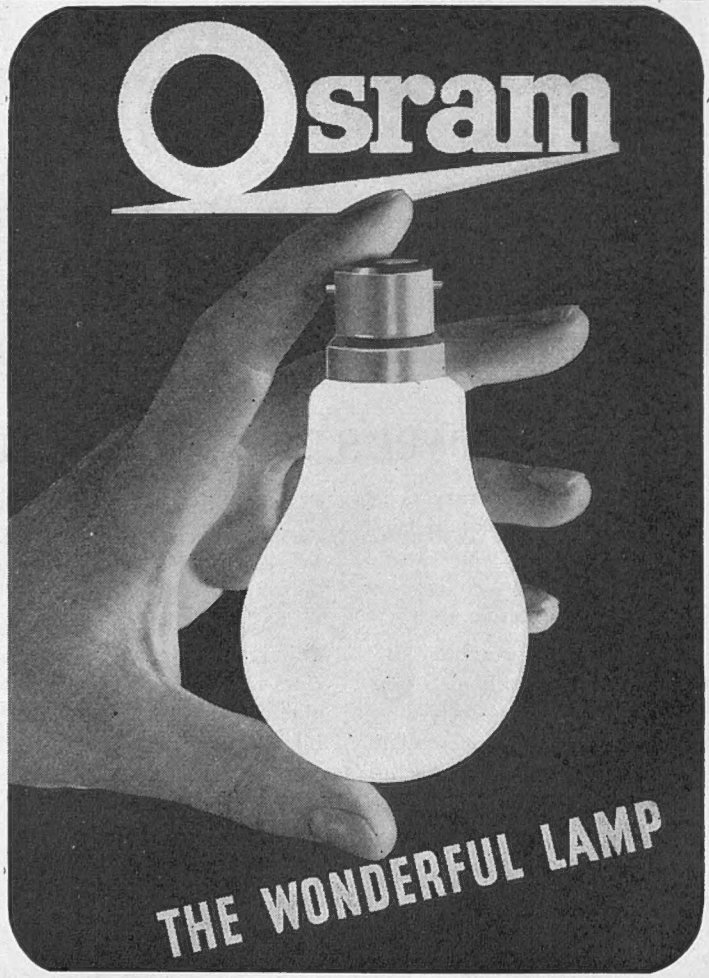
In Johnson's time *Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits* were highly regarded among people of quality. We can imagine the great man, returning from his pleasant dinners with Wilkes and Garrick ruminating, perhaps, upon a shortage of these famous biscuits. Today we have regrettably to disappoint many of our friends. Conditions arising from the war make it impracticable to maintain a peacetime distribution. But when the world returns to normal, *Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits* will again be in plentiful supply.

Fortts

BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS





A G.E.C. PRODUCT *Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2*

The Sub-Lieutenant's head bandage merged with the whiteness of the hospital pillow. He lay back, hands moving outside his blankets

Perfume

Her Voice was Rich and Rare—her Scent Divine

By Eric Baume

MISS AUGUSTA turned to the ward sister.

"I think he 's asleep now," she said. Very gently she freed her hand from that of the sleeper, shaking it to regain circulation which had clogged with his clasp.

The Sub-Lieutenant's head bandage merged with the whiteness of the hospital pillow. He lay back, hands moving outside his blankets. A few tousled tomboys of curls, anachronistic in a man of twenty, weaved like tendrils from the high top of the bandage. Once the Sub-Lieutenant sighed deeply in his sleep, and his lips would have spoken had consciousness given them power. Around him and over him was the softness of a perfume which cut as softly as tempered steel into what could have been the fug of a sick-bay: an invisible aureole in atmosphere. His sleeping nostrils seemed to quiver, seeking it.

The ward sister, Miss Branagan, looked at him with the glacial warmth, but ineffable sympathy, of an Irish eye. She turned to Miss Augusta.

"He 'll be sleeping now, and it 's grateful indeed the boy should be to you."

Miss Augusta looked at the ward sister. "Well," she said, "you don't order gratitude, Sister. You start to expect it, and find you should be giving it. That 's what I think. He 'll have his chance for singing a doxology soon enough."

The sister looked at an untinted, symmetrically cut hospital nail. "Sure," she said, "I wasn't thinking of gratitude perhaps as you think of it. But he doesn't know that when the bandages come off it 'll be a hundred to one against his being blind."

Miss Augusta nodded dreamily. "The surgeon-commander told me," she said. "It 'll be the one day in living he won't forget; a kind of armistice day in which every second can be a joyful hour. And then, when he settles down to sleep on the first night of his new sight . . ."

The Irish nurse put her arm on Miss Augusta's shoulder. "Now," she said, "here am I working my fingers to the bone and you 're going to make me cry. Get away with you, and God bless you for all you 've done."

Miss Augusta walked to the ward door. A torpedo expert with both eyes gouged by one sliver of shell hailed her at the entrance. "Good morning," he said. "Scent 's strong to-day, charmer."

Miss Augusta walked to him and pressed his hand. "It 's very hard to get now, Torps," she said.

His mouth worked where the bandages left it free. "It wouldn't be just," he said, "to call it a breath of fresh air."

"Now then, Torps," growled the ward sister.

"All right. I 'm not being rude about your atmosphere, but perfume seems to help a man. . . ." He was too tired to finish his sentence. He reached, with the practising circular movement of the new blind, tapped to find his cigarette-case, took one to his mouth, and with his match-box through cupped hands lit it. "First time, Sister," he said. "Didn't have to strike twice, you know. That was a salvo."

Miss Augusta looked straight ahead. "I want you to give this note to the Sub. when he wakes up," she said to the ward sister. "I 'm going away for a while now; I might not be back for some time. You know, must go and look at that house in Monmouthshire where the tanks are billeted."

The ward sister shook hands with her. "I 'll give him the letter," she said.

As an afterthought, she added: "We can never thank you. . . ."

"Fiddlesticks," said Miss Augusta, and left.

IN 1893 Pierre Chambillard created out of much hope and two mistakes a new perfume. It surged around him in his top-floor room at 14, Rue St. Croix de Bretonnerie, in the Quartier Henri Quatre. It was the essence of the essence of an essence; a sacred essence, he said, as he threw a little water on his face and hands, fastened his cravat, kissed chastely the brow of his mistress, Mlle. Lucienne Fongrenard, and set off for his employer, M. Jean Dupuy, the noted *parfumeur*.

What went on in the office of M. Dupuy is of no account, save that by 1894 the perfume "Presages" had been used by two European Queens, a famous courtesan, Sarah Bernhardt, one of the Rothschilds from Vienna, a brother of the Sultan of Turkey, the Argentine Ambassador and the Hon. Augusta Longfield-Bathchaps. Her fiancé, old Lord Drayton's son, then in Princess Charlotte's Own, had given a great flagon of it to her just after he had proposed at the Chester Hunt Ball. The big roan had killed him by Yeoman's Hedge next day. Unopened, the flagon rested with Miss Augusta. Later, her senses less numbed, she opened it.

IN 1939 she was still well stocked with M. Pierre Chambillard's creation. For that matter, so was the *ci-devant* Mlle. Fongrenard, by this time Veuve Chambillard, and grandmother to his

Illustrations By W. Smithson Broadhead

MISS AUGUSTA nodded dreamily. "The surgeon-commander told me," she said. "It'll be the one day in living he won't forget; a kind of armistice day in which every second can be a joyful hour. And then, when he settles down to sleep on the first night of his new sight. . . ."

descendants. Miss Augusta's house in Cadogan Place had four floors, each with a room. Mrs. Hawkins, her cook, and Turner, her maid, had not left it since 1911. Its musty warmth was more friendly than Victorian. Around it, from basement to attic, was the affectionate ghost of M. Pierre Chambillard.

The perfume was not of the belligerent, pugilist variety, which sweeps from fat ladies in the front row of the stalls. Nor was it an apologetic whiff of nondescript aroma from miserly women who wore it drop by drop, painfully remembering its price. Rather was it Miss Augusta's characteristic, as much a portion of her home as her body, as much a symbol of her living and her sweetness as the whiteness of her hands, which also age passed by and did not furrow.

When Hartnet, her chauffeur, went back to the Royal Artillery on the 5th September, 1939, she gave the Bentley to a harassed Government; then she sat, with her letters before her, deciding on her own war work. At sixty-five, she felt, a factory might not be suitable, so she became the unofficial visitor to a new and small hospital for blinded service men. There was only one case until after Dunkirk. Sub-Lieutenant John Henry Morgan in 1943 represented a new series in hundreds.

Before his operation, in her usual way Miss Augusta brought him fruit of sorts—rather better than most sorts—because an American Quartermaster-Colonel thought she was tops.

She talked with the Sub-Lieutenant the day after they brought him up from Southampton. Somewhere along the Solent his M.L. had done a job. Above it, *Luftwaffe* Leutnant Franz Beck had also done a job, the kind of near-miss which buckles thin plates, wrecks men who are unprotected, and adds more names to the British Roll of Honour. Whe *Luftwaffe* Leutnant Beck crashed safel near Petersfield, he had his tennis-racke and his small flying-bag with him. H wanted to know of the Home Guard wh captured him whether the battleship h had bombed had sunk. The Home Guar a Mons man, prodded him gently wit a bayonet and advised him to save for the Major.

A piece of Master Beck's bomb ha cavorted across the Sub-Lieutenant's for head, to clip neatly a piece of his righ ear. In its transit it had either severe or damaged the optic nerve. Th surgeon-commander at the base, wh believed always in saying a thing onc told the Sub-Lieutenant that probab he would be blind. When Miss Augus reached his bed an hour after his arriva the surgeon-commander's crisp senten had been whirling in his head for a many hours as the journey had take

The words gyrated within him, spun like a wild top. When Miss Augusta had walked to him, the ward sister had shaken her head. Wordless lips had mouthed the labials for "bad," and Miss Augusta had nodded.

The Sub-Lieutenant quivered in his bed as though in a jolting ambulance over a rough road. His arms moved, his head moved, his knees were first drawn up and then lowered, while all the time his toes near the end of his bed tapped a tattoo. His face flushed and grew pale again, reddening through the fair down of his young beard.

Miss Augusta took her chair to the right of him and sat very gently.

"Good morning," she said.

He started. His expostulation began in a splutter, to end in drawling misery. "I suppose it's still morning," he said. "I wouldn't know. I can't see—I'm blind—I'm gong to be blind. That's great fun, isn't it, to be blind? It isn't the quality of blindness, you know, it's the quantity. Isn't it funny! Quite a good joke, don't you think? Grand to make jokes about being blind, isn't it? If only it hurt I wouldn't give a damn. . . . I beg your pardon . . . who are you?"

One lonely tear, managing to use the bridge of his nose as a corridor, sidled from under the bandage, resting translucently by his nostril.

"My name's Augusta," she said. This for her was nothing new. Her voice, forty years younger than herself, caught his interest.

"Nurse Augusta?" he said. "Matron? Doctor? Wren? It's nice to have someone to talk to when there's nothing but red spots in front of you."

"None of those things," she said. "I just come along here, you know . . . odd jobs one can do . . . sometimes people like to talk."

He burst out: "Yes, talk; grand to talk when you can't see, isn't it, and when you'll never see again. You sound like a dizzy blonde. Are you blonde?" He grinned ruefully. "I suppose you're a brunette, and I don't like 'em. But what does it matter if I can't see 'em?"

Miss Augusta thought for an instant. "You know, I don't really know what I am." She had remarked to herself earlier in the morning that iron-grey hair gave one a certain sense of hardness which often was quite unjustified. "Perhaps, you know . . . what is your name, by the way?"

"Oh, my name," said the boy. "John. . . ."

"John," she said, "a nice name. But as I was saying, perhaps you had better call me nondescript."

"That's what they all say," he said. Suddenly his nostril twitched. "I say," he said, "that's wizard, wizard. . . ." He breathed deeply. "And, now, that's the best thing I've smelt since the day we were over near St. Nazaire, and somehow or other bacon and eggs got up to the bridge."

Miss Augusta reached for his hand and held it. "It's not a bad perfume, is it?" she said.

"Bad!" he replied. "It's wizard; best I've ever known. Now I'm certain you're a blonde. Where did you get it?"

"Well," said Miss Augusta, "that's a long story."

"It can't be too long," he said. "I'll bet you're in a snappy uniform; I'll bet you can dance like nobody's business." He paused. "I used to put lavender water on my handkerchief once, but that seemed a bit pansy. I really liked the smell of it. But this has got something. It's not too much, or too little." His face hardened. "I suppose a blind man gets a better sense of smell, doesn't he? That's an idea, isn't it? Well, I'm starting early. I get operated on, you know, some time to-day."

Miss Augusta held his hand a little more tightly. "I know," she said, "that's why I'm here. I just wanted to know if there's anything I could do for you."

His mouth hardened again under the bandage. "Ah, the condemned man's last

(*Continued on p. 53*)

That night in Cadogan Place Miss Augusta wrote the letter. It went well as long as she had a popular magazine beside her

Sacha Guitry, gifted spectacular "Prince of the Theatre," masterly actor, author of eighty-odd pieces, represents that rarity, a shining artist making things delightful for the befoulers of his native land. He is seen in this portrait in the role he played in "The Cheat"

Portrait of the Artist as a Quisling

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE true artist who wins prominence, be he poet, musician, painter, writer, sculptor, actor, cannot help reacting personally to wars and revolutions. The very sensibility which is at the core of his being as an artist stimulates stronger feelings than in other men and endows its possessor with greater range and depth. It is quite unnecessary to go through history to demonstrate this; just the passion of a Byron does so, extreme case as his may have been.

It is no less so, promptings of heart and intellect aside, that the freedom of mind which he must have in order to give full play to his creative powers aligns the artist nine times out of ten on the side of the several liberties, personal, social, political, spiritual. A rigidly disciplined community bereft of individualism and made to do and think on a common pattern is anathema to the artist if only because he himself will surely wither therein. But artists have generous impulses, fruit of their imaginations, which most suffice to bring them down on the side of democratic freedom and often well to the left of it. It is surprising how few great artists have been in the other camp. Many have allowed the whole business to pass them by, some developing real ivory towers, but if you start listing names celebrated in the arts, I think you will find that for every artist who identified himself with oppressive reaction, a dozen of his kind were for ridding humanity of its self-fitted fetters.

An outstanding latter-day example was the fate of Spain's "Liberal intellectuals," brave company that included some of the leading national artists, while others, who got away, only did so to be delivered subsequently into Nazi hands as country after country was occupied.

That was three or four years ago and now that the grisly Nazi hands are soon to be prised from their prey, the anxious thought arises: Who of the Continent's artists will be found to have survived? And in what condition? For many months the Germans have refrained from publishing the names of prominent hostages whom they hope one day to barter. Other artists have died of want, like one of France's forty "Immortals." Then there's the small minority that is known to have ratted.

The artist who makes common cause with a conqueror is surely guiltier than most, drawing, as he does, inspiration from his plot, his blessed land? He least of all should raise a finger to commit it to foreign overlordship. In this respect not even the fascist-minded artist has a leg to stand on.

Yet to sit in England and censure is a thing to guard against, viewed only from the standpoint that we too should have had our collaborationists and quislings, had the Channel not been there. A safer approach to this tortuous subject is perhaps to conjure the circumstances in which artists found themselves *vis-à-vis* the Nazis, and the various solutions which must have suggested themselves.

The first (as I see it) is the pre-war solution exemplified by Thomas Mann. This master lost no time at all in skipping clear of Hitler. Scenting the stark debasement ahead, knowing what would happen to him if he maintained his integrity, Mann went from Sweden direct to the Riviera, avoiding Germany. He turned up one day at Sanary, tormented by thoughts of his family. But they got out, even as the Nazis burnt their villa from under them, on the Baltic, and I recall mother and children arriving with the proverbial toothbrush. Mann's escape was all wisdom inasmuch as his voice to-day, coming over the Atlantic, is the authentic expression of a free Germany no longer a pest.

But turn to the artist who, literally, awoke to find the Nazis in possession. What lay open to him?

The revolutionary spirit could live true and get shot—as was Spain's leading poet, and as we shall find other prominent artists have been. (*Continued on page* 62)

Maurice Chevalier went to Germany to entertain French prisoners and, lured into the Adlon web, proceeded to hobnob with Germans

Max Schmelling with the French boxer, Georges Carpentier, who accepted an invitation to umpire a boxing match in Berlin

A few of the 500 underground newspapers produced in occupied Europe. These include Greek, Polish, Norwegian, Czecho-Slovak, and the doyen of them all, "La Libre Belgique," founded in the first world war, revived on August 15, 1940

Europe's

AS the khaki armies press around the outer moats and defences of Hitler's Europe, moving ever closer to the inner citadel, the Third Reich itself, the "underground" of the vast walled prison crackles with renewed rebellious life.

Bullets whine through the forests and echo among the mountains. In the night a knife flicks into a green back, and at dawn a pancake mine explodes under a passing tank. A plane with R.A.F. ring markings is forced down, and once again, as in the old days, the pilot disappears, the population knows nothing. Spanners drop into turbines, electric motors providing factories with power break down, telegraph posts are sawn through in garrison zones, another railway bridge is dynamited, oil tanks in sidings are found holed and empty, mysterious fires consume cargoes destined for Germany, old underground roads across frontiers reopen and new ones are made. Clandestine journals which had been quiescent since the last editor had his feet boiled reappear, carrying fresh messages of hope, exciting news, and terrible cartoons of chief jailer Hitler and his warder army of furious Teutons.

From the Baltic to the Aegean, and the Pyrénées to the Ukraine, the guerrillas, the "little war makers," oil their guns and check their ammunition and await or anticipate the word to co-operate with the organised armies about to liberate their country, or already storming the coastal zone.

The underground is as big as Europe, and as complex. Its characters range from the armed irregular, whom twenty-six nations in 1899 and forty-four in 1907 agreed should be regarded as a lawful belligerent, to the saboteur who has no such standing (not that the annoyed Nazis make any distinctions anyway), and from the peasant woman who acts as a link in the underground escape road, and the garage hand who makes the forbidden radio set and keeps it working, to the intellectual who gets out an illicit paper in a city cellar.

THE guerrillas are the glamour boys of the underground saga of blood and ink, and of these the Russians and the Chetniks under the Yugoslav general Draga Mihailovich get most of the news space here, thanks to the scale of their operations and the energy of the respective Russian and Yugoslav propaganda services.

But although a man armed with words looks less dangerous than a man armed with a stick of dynamite or one of those guerrilla-beloved, 200-yards-range, 500-shots-a-minute Sten guns which shoot 9 mm. German, Italian or French ammunition, the Nazis, who have a keen appreciation of relative risks and values, are reputed to reckon the editor and printer of one successfully surviving underground journal as having the nuisance value of 500 guerrillas dispersed or 1,000 concentrated (you can get to grips with a thousand concentrated guerrillas, who thereby lose their essential advantage of surprise and mobility).

Once the military invasion operation was over, the New Order builders relied on a foreign news blackout, and complete freedom for their own news and views, to win the second stage of the conquest, the battle for the minds of the populations under their rule. Every radio bringing news fact and objective views through the other is a leak in this mind blockade, every printed word which eludes their control is a torch in the Nazi night. The Goebbels and Himmler propaganda experts know the menace of these leaks and these torches. Morale among the invaded peoples is maintained, courage lifted, hope revived, resistance encouraged; and the Nazi psychological battle remains obstinately unwon.

A check up last June disclosed about 150 of these underground journals in Belgium alone. Poland, which by all Nazi theory should be utterly broken, has a score, including two humorous magazines published clandestinely in Warsaw and containing savage satires on Nazi personalities. Greece, cut three ways, and starving, has fourteen, two of which, *Megali Ellas* (great Greece) and *Doxa* (Glory), are printed, and appear regularly.

The doyen of Europe's 500 underground anti-

Underground

For three years a "Third Front" has been active against the Nazis in Europe. It is comprised of the "underground," guerrillas, saboteurs, active resisters of all kinds against the Hitlerian slave order. Theirs is a saga of blood and ink, and when history is written we shall know how greatly these Indomitable "Secret Soldiers" have helped to win the War for Freedom.

By C. Patrick Thompson

A group of Polish underground newspapers. These clandestine journals help to maintain the morale among the invaded peoples and the Nazi psychological battle remains unwon

Nazi papers is *La Libre Belgique,* founded in the first world war, revived on August 15, 1940. Its four-to-eight pages contain news blocked from the controlled Press. A grenade exploded before German headquarters at Malines and ten hostages were taken. A British plane made a forced landing and one of the two surviving airmen was helped to escape. Forthcoming Nazi decrees are published before the regular Press gets copy. Names, addresses, photos, and acts of collaborators are given. Time and wavelengths of foreign broadcasts in French and Flemish—from thirty and forty are sent out from stations as far apart as Moscow and New York, London and Brazzaville—are listed. Allied communiques are given at length and enemy communiques ignored—those appear in the controlled Press "by order."

General Draga Mihailovich, leader of the Yugoslav guerrillas who have fought battles with the Nazis

German troops entering a town in Bosnia to which the Nazis have been forced to draft large numbers of troops in an effort to quell the heroic guerrillas under General Mihailovich

(Left) Sabotage in France. What the Marseilles gas works looked like after a terrific explosion took place

The editorial and business office is given as Oberfeldkommandantur, 1 Place du Trone, Brussels—which is the address of German Army headquarters! The editor's address is stated to be Jardin d'Egmont—British equivalent, Kensington Gardens. And his name? Peter Pan.

NOT all these journals have an unchanged career, nor do their editors contrive to remain as elusive as the famous Editor Peter Pan. A Dutch editor who escaped to America reported that one editor who was caught in a drive to extinguish the underground Press had his feet boiled, another's finger-nails torn out, a third was questioned naked in a prison yard in midwinter. And Holland is a country where Nazi rule is not so ferocious as it is in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Yugoslavia and Norway. Karel Skalda, managing editor of the Czech underground *Boj*, was executed after torture.

The Gestapo motive for this ferocity is always the same. They want to get names and ensure that the paper dies by rounding up the whole ring responsible for news collection, production, and distribution. Sometimes they get the names; it is said that none can endure a third Gestapo interrogation, and in Norway an admiral's son, knowing that a friend had in his delirium cried a name, threw himself over a precipice from the police car which was carrying him over the mountains to interrogation at Gestapo headquarters in Oslo —he couldn't trust himself to endure.

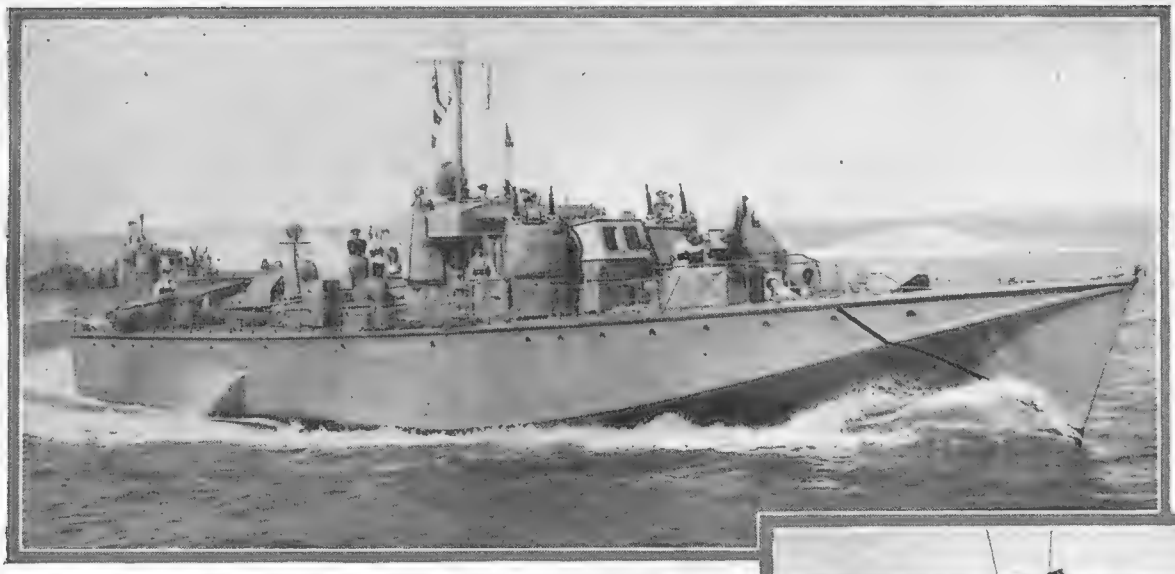
But often the paper, after a pause, reappears. That is the ABC set-up functioning. An old revolutionary device. Three complete units are organised, none knowing the others. If A is eliminated, B in time gets the signal, and takes over. C remains in reserve. The Gestapo has to begin its hunt all over again.

There is a recorded instance where the Gestapo got both A and B units in the same net. It happened in Paris—the French are notoriously slipshod organisers. A spy learnt the signal which would tip off the B unit leader that the A unit had gone, and it was passed. Two issues of the same paper circulated, and in the resultant confusion and excitement the Gestapo put two and two together and got the right answer.

The Norwegians are more careful and adroit. They specialise more in action than in words, and in this case, in the early days, before the underground had shaken down and every one had been tested, a lawyer started an escape unit and lined up several young men who wanted to get to England to join the open fight. The first boatload of three made a successful crossing, and the news got back by the Norwegian "grapevine." Six then started, but came back on a shore signal. They congratulated themselves and the head man on a narrow shave. They owed their lives to the organiser's efficiency.

Several parties were then made up. There was great confidence in this escape organiser. The boats crept away at night. In time word came through that all had safely arrived. But this word had to come through a "grapevine" handled by another underground unit, and there was something wrong with the signal. It was checked, and no more men came to the lawyer to be slipped out of Norway.

It turned out that he was a secret quisling. The Gestapo were using him to string along the simple Norwegians until he could worm himself into the confidence of key men in the real underground. The idea was that he would then tip them off that they were about to be arrested, steer them into an escape boat which the German patrol (*Continued on page* 66)



PUTTING out to sea. A pair of the new heavily armed motor gunboats out in the Channel for a practice spin. These little craft, specially designed for the job, play a large part in keeping the coasts of Britain clear of the enemy. Below, anti-aircraft practice on the power-operated turret guns of a motor torpedo-boat, a deterrent to enemy E-boats and other surface raiders

"Dustbin Men" Fight Britain's Sea Hornets

By Sizi Blore

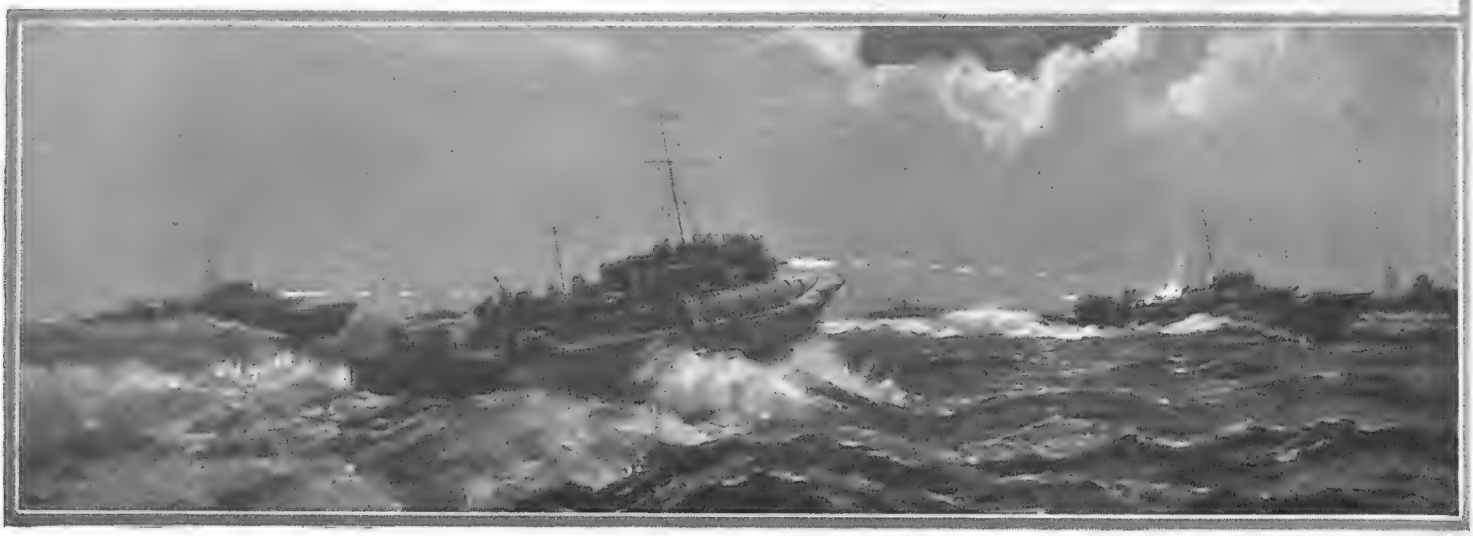
YOU might think it was rather haphazard—all very gallant but haphazard—if you could overlook one of the little coves and inlets on Britain's east and south coasts and watch the small ships of the Royal Navy going out to tackle the enemy. For only a few minutes separate receipt of information and the dash into battle.

It *is* very gallant but there is nothing haphazard about it. Each action that the Light Coastal Forces fight has design, purpose and plan, formulated as the result of hard experience and an immense amount of thought. Some of those who have played a great part in the fashioning of that plan will never again stand in the "Dustbin," as the commanding officer's bridge is called, but their knowledge lives on with their stout-hearted followers in the "Spitfires of the Sea."

At the beginning of the war Britain had all too few of these fast, aggressive vessels, but soon they began to come out of British and United States shipyards in ever-increasing numbers and of greatly improving design. Practical experience influenced design all the time, for these are not just nice drawing-board ships—they are tough fighting ships, needing all the speed and hitting power they can get.

There are three main types of "light coastal craft." The motor gunboat (M.G.B.), "fighter-plane" of the sea, has the primary task of keeping check of the German E-boats which try to sneak up to attack coastal convoys. The motor torpedo-boat (M.T.B.) may be likened to the bomber and is used for carrying the offensive over to the enemy's coastal convoys. The motor launch (M.L.) specialises in sea-rescue and convoy escort. They are adaptable, these little ships, and all three types have played important roles in such operations as the landing operations at Dieppe, St. Nazaire, Bruneval and Boulogne.

Clearly the main features of light craft must be speed (which is over 60 miles per hour), manœuvrability and very high fire-power, and tremendous strides have been made since the days when *Jane's Fighting Ships* in 1940 described a typical vessel of this sort as having dimensions of 72 by 16½ by 3¾ ft., with a displacement of 32 tons, complement of about 30 men and capable of over 40 knots. Jane has, of necessity, been silent about the offspring of those early types. Many of the later models are fitted with American Packard engines which proved excellent for this type of work. Large numbers have been built and entirely equipped in the United States, and many a young officer has been pleasantly surprised at the almost (*Continued on page* 66)



A NIGHT surprise attack by the mosquito fleet on Nazi E-boats escorting coastal supply ships in the North Sea

Drawing by Wm. McDowell

They clustered round the board. Hudson said: "I want you to find three winds during that time"

Navex

This is not a story of a hazardous operation undertaken in the face of the enemy; but simply an incident in the training of pilots and observers in the Fleet Air Arm at a Naval Air Station—training that alone makes such operations not only possible but also successful

By G. H. G. Askew

WHEN Lieutenant-Commander Hudson reached the operations room he found Lieutenant Arnold already there, reading out to Sub-Lieutenant Baxter, who was writing on the long blackboard, which stretched across the room, the details of the night's exercise.

"Lovely purple chalk you're using tonight," he laughed. "Crews not down yet for briefing?"

"Won't be for some minutes yet," Arnold replied. "They were still well and truly tucking in when I left."

Hudson walked over to the telephone. "May as well see if the met. office has any new 'gen'." He lifted the receiver and gave a number, spoke for a moment, and then went to his desk.

"Not too bad," he said. "But they think they've discovered a warm front knocking around which they don't expect to reach us till early tomorrow."

Baxter finished writing the last word and put down the chalk. "Here come the well-fed multitude——" His voice was drowned as the door opened and a spate of pilots and observers swept into the room.

They clustered round the board. "Nothing tricky tonight," Hudson said. "Just a straight Navex. Out on a track of 270 for 40 miles then 010 for 25, 170 for 30 and return. I want you to find three winds during that time. All the rest of the dope is written there." He pointed to the purple chalk. "Get all that's necessary down in your note-books, and don't any of you forget that no machine is to leave the vicinity of the aerodrome without a 'Go' from here."

Then, after a short pause: "It's just possible that some of you may run into sticky weather; if you don't like the look of things, return at once, and; anyway, be prepared for a general recall."

Pencils worked hard. Scraps of conversation could be heard. One observer asked: "What height are we to fly at, sir?"

Hudson replied wearily: "Use your eyes man—it's on the board—2,000 feet if you can make it—— Right—— Now, off you all go: let's have a good exercise and decently kept records."

The large room now seemed very empty and quiet. Arnold had left and gone into the wireless section to supervise the tuning of the aircraft. Baxter sat glancing at a book while waiting for the times to be reported when each machine had achieved correct two-way communication, and so was permitted to take off.

On the long, sloping desk, charts and maps, lit from above, stared up, harshly white.

Arnold's voice broke the silence; he was speaking through a sliding glass hatch in the wall separating the two rooms. "'A' for Apples O.K. at 20.30." Baxter left his chair and chalked up the time. From the aerodrome came the sound of an engine at full revs. as "A" for Apples roared down the runway.

"P" for Pudding, "H" for Harry and the rest, soon followed and the sound as they circled overhead could be clearly heard. In a moment or two, Hudson thought, they will be over the bay, windfinding and waiting for their final "Go." He could visualise the scene; the dark cockpit where only the shaded instrument lights gleamed, the observer bent over his compass taking careful bearings of a flare that beckoned from the sea below. Within another ten minutes all had got their "Go" and were speeding out into the night.

"That's not too bad," Hudson said as Baxter finished chalking "21.05" against "S" for Sammy. "A damned sight better than they've done before—and no one fallen by the wayside—wonderful!"

The next two hours would crawl, only broken as machines signalled their positions to be plotted by Baxter on the chart.

Sitting at his desk he tried to read, but found it hard to concentrate. The Lord knows why, he wondered.

A humdrum business, he thought, for those upon the ground.

Still, time did pass and every now and then the hatch would slide open and Arnold's head appear: "One for you, Baxter," he would say, and "A" for Apples or "P" for Pudding became another cross upon the chart.

No machine is to leave the vicinity of the aerodrome without a "Go" from here

HUDSON got up and left the room, opened the outer door and stepped out. It had been stuffy inside and the night air smelt fresh; he looked around, at the aerodrome lights that gleamed redly at the sky and at the blacker darkness of clouds that were massing to the west beyond the bay; and even while he stood there, above him, star after star faded and died, and the ghost of a raindrop brushed his cheek.

He turned and went back indoors and straight into the

wireless section, and stood watching the Wren operator gently searching, turning the fine tuning this way and that, heard the faint dashes and dots that came from the headphones nestling against her ears, and, bending over her shoulder looked at the log beside her. "Still in touch with them all?" he said. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied. "Harry's a bit weak though."

Back in the operations room, he walked over to where Baxter stood by the chart. "Where are they now?" he asked. "All on the third leg except 'S' for Sammy—he's a little astern of station but should be turning soon." Baxter spoke softly, as if listening for something—then they were all listening to the steady pitter-patter of rain. "Thought I'd felt a drop outside," Hudson was saying, when the telephone bell interrupted him. He picked up the receiver. "That, as you may have guessed, was the met. office." He was talking while he crossed the room to open the hatch. "Their blasted front has started sprinting and there's a chance that the weather may close down completely before long."

"Oh, Arnold, the weather's walked back on us; send out the collective recall and pass it to each individual machine too, if possible." He saw the Wren was writing; Arnold stood waiting, then, when she had

The dark cockpit where only the shaded instrument lights gleamed

finished, bent over and read. "It's 'P,' sir; says 'Weather deteriorating rapidly, heavy rain squalls, am returning to base.'"

"Good for him! Get those signals out as quickly as you can." Hudson left the hatch and went over to his desk.

He picked up his book and once again tried to read, but it still could not hold him. After skimming through a few pages, he gave up the attempt.

Through the hatch he saw the Wren hand Arnold a signal. "What's that?" he called out.

"'A' for Apples, sir; he wants a bearing."

"Right! Tell the D.F. operator to stand by, and tell 'A' to make his call signs." He noticed now that the pitter-patter had become a steady drumming and that the windows were rattling with the rising wind.

By Baxter's chart he stood for a while, looking at the little lettered crosses upon it.

"I've got them all there, sir." Baxter moved to one side as he spoke. "Yes—yes I know that, but where they think they are can be very different from their true position. Listen to that damned wind; that's what gets them foxed at times—unnoticed shift and increase and where are you? Well in the queue for a harp if you're inexperienced and operating from a carrier under war conditions. That's why all this training is so essential. It's better for them to lose themselves here, even on a night like this, than somewhere in the middle of the ocean, and it teaches them the devil of a lot."

Arnold's voice broke into his conversation: "'P' for Pudding has just reported engine trouble. Here's the whole signal."

"Thanks." Hudson walked across and took it, read it through quickly, and handed it to Baxter. "This gives his position, course, and speed, and the wind he's using. Get him plotted straight away. Work out his track and ground speed and lay off his future positions at five-minute intervals. All clear?"

"Yes, quite, sir."

Hudson went back to the hatch. "How's 'A' getting on?"

"We've given him a course to steer. He's a long way to the north of where he should be." Arnold replied.

"Good, keep in touch with him; anything from anybody else?"

"ETAS (estimated time of arrival) from 'K' for King and 'D' for Donald: nothing more from Harry—here's 'K' coming through again—he's about to land and closing down."

"One up and five to play." Hudson smiled. "Things might be worse."

Arnold nodded. "They'll all get back to roost O.K."

Five minutes passed, nearly ten minutes, the rattling of the panes grew fiercer and the sound of the rain at times became so great that it almost drowned their speech. Yet there were still lulls, when it would die away almost to nothing; and, during one of these, Arnold looked in to say: "Donald's landing, and we've picked up Harry again; he says he's over the aerodrome and is coming down, so that's half accounted for."

The rain was a solid sheet of

The Wren turned from her set, saying: "'P's' trying to make something, but is being jammed by Sammy who wants a bearing."

"Tell Sammy to wait," Hudson said. Her fingers played with her key. He watched her writing swiftly; "P's" signal was now being received. As soon as she ceased to write he asked: "What's he got to say?"

"Coming in to land, sir."

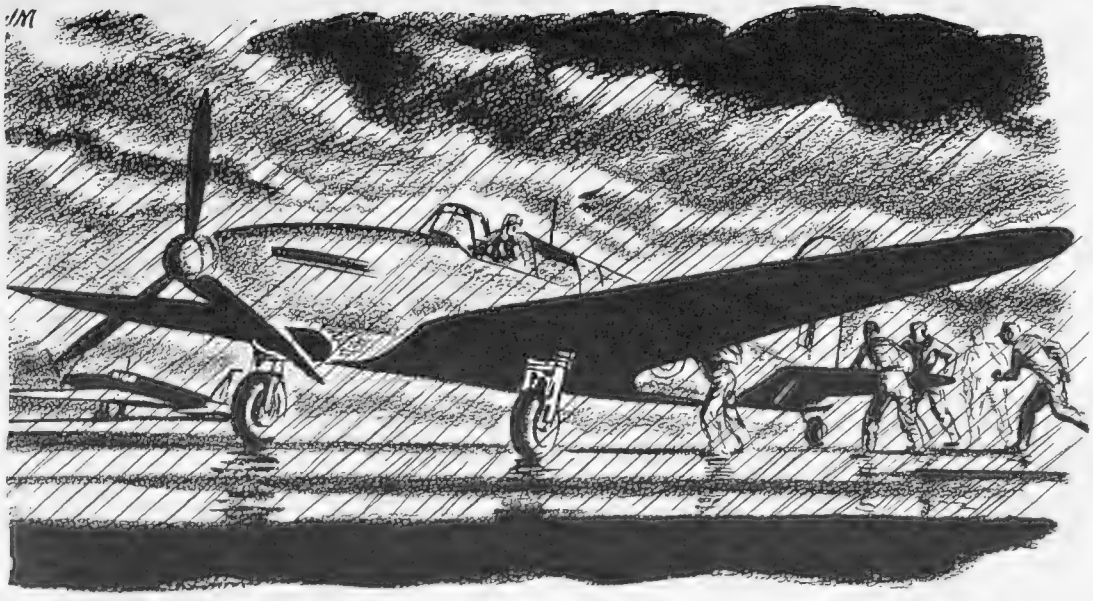
"Fine—that's a real trouble off our minds. Now give Sammy a helping hand."

Baxter was listening intently. "Think I can hear 'P' for Pudding—there now!" Above the sound of the rain the note of an engine could be faintly heard. "Might be Harry," Hudson suggested, then added: "Give the air control officer a ring, and ask him to let me know as soon as he can what machine is landing."

Hudson half-listened to Baxter's voice, then Arnold was speaking. "Harry's come up again, telling us he's over the wrong aerodrome."

Illustrations by

" Baxter, ring the air control officer and ask him to



water driving with the wind

"Well, as long as he's over any aerodrome let's hope he has the common sense to wait and land when they get a flare path for him. We'll have a look at the chart." Hudson went over to Baxter—picking up a pencil and pointing with it—"That's where he probably is—Penton; I'll try and get through."

"About ten minutes delay," he said. No sooner had he replaced the receiver than the bell rang shrilly. Baxter jumped to it: "From air control officer—'P' for Pudding has landed safely."

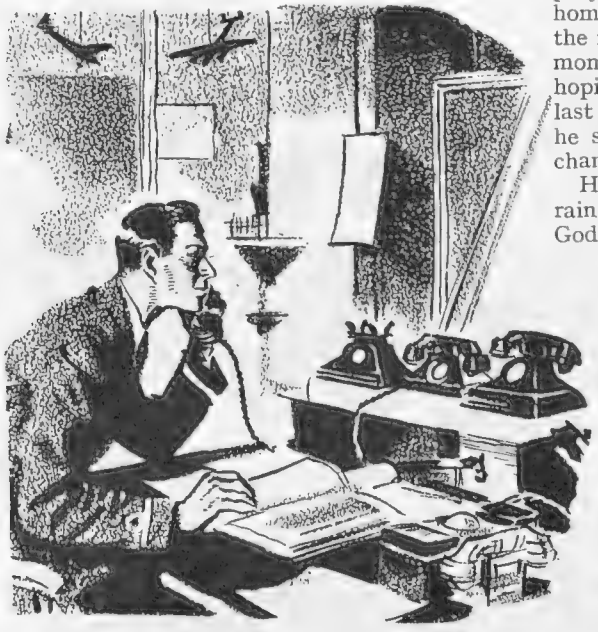
"Arnold," Hudson called. "How about Sammy?"

"We got bearings of him and gave him a course but now he's faded out; we've called him once or twice but can't get a reply. 'A's' coming along nicely, though; should be home in a few minutes."

Again the telephone rang. "Your call to Penton, sir." Baxter held out the receiver to Hudson.

"Put me through to the duty pilot, please." He spoke for a moment, then, with a final "Thanks," rang off. "Harry's parked for the night, made a good landing. I'm going to have a looksee outside."

Jack Matthew



carry out the procedure for an overdue aircraft"

When we stepped through the door into the darkness, the rain was a solid sheet of water driving with the wind, and he felt that, if he raised his arm, his hand would brush the tattered clouds that swept above him. Old "P" for Pudding only just got down in time, he thought. Can't see a hundred yards in this.

Once again indoors, he shook the water off as a dog does after a swim.

"You chose a bad moment, sir," Baxter said.

"Yes, it's not funny out now: not funny at all." He went to the hatch. "Anything new?"

"Nothing yet from Sammy. We're getting another bearing of 'A'." Arnold himself was now working a receiver, searching for Sammy as he spoke.

"Baxter," Hudson's voice was sharp. "Get on to the air control officer and ask him to fire a rocket every ten minutes." "That at least may give them a chance to spot us and hang around waiting for a lull," he said to himself.

"'A's' signals are very strong, he must be close." The Wren was speaking, but the rest stood silent, trying to hear the burst of a rocket and in their hearts praying that its stars would guide 'A' home. Very faintly above the sound of the rain and wind they heard it, and felt momentarily relieved; while they waited hoping for a signal to come through. At last Arnold was writing. "He's seen it,' he said, "and will land when he has a chance."

Hudson walked to and fro while the rain drummed ceaselessly on the roof. God only knows where Sammy is by now, he thought. What hellish luck to have a wireless failure. He looked at the board, at the names of the crew, and for him "S" for Sammy ceased to be "S" for Sammy and became three lives which perhaps even now were in danger.

"I think it really is easing up a bit." Baxter's words broke into his thoughts. He stood still: "Yes, perhaps you're right. I'll go out." It was true; the rain, though still fierce, had lost the viciousness it had before and the clouds had lifted somewhat. Then, to the west, he saw "A's" lights coming in from over the sea; his eyes followed her circuit and her glide. No easy landing this, he thought, and imagined her pilot straining to see clearly the rain-diffused lights of the flare path. Now she disappeared behind the distant hangars, and for a few seconds he waited, fearing the sounds that the wind might carry; then she was in sight once more, taxi-ing safely up the runway.

As he turned back to the door, a rocket soared upwards and burst grandly into stars.

They kept on watching the clock. Conversation would drop suddenly and one of them would say: "That's another five minutes gone," or maybe ten.

"How long has she been out of touch now, Arnold?" Hudson asked.

"Over an hour." Arnold looked at the log. "Good Lord! Nearly an hour and a half."

"And she should have been back ——" Hudson seemed almost to be speaking to himself.

"A good hour ago," Baxter replied.

"Well, there's nothing more we can do from here. Baxter, ring the air control officer and ask him to carry out the procedure for an overdue aircraft, and then get on to the squadron and find out how much endurance she's got left; they'll know the amount of petrol she took off with."

The Wren turned from her set, saying: "'P's' trying to make something but is being jammed by Sammy who wants a bearing"

A few more moments passed before Baxter left the telephone. "They doubt if she can remain airborne another twenty minutes, sir." No one spoke, each mind was picturing after its own fashion the scene in "S" for Sammy. Hudson could see an observer striving to keep his head, juggling with courses and times, and every minute straining his eyes, gazing into the darkness beneath him, vainly seeking a landmark.

The telephone had been ringing for several seconds before Hudson answered it.

He listened, and, as he listened, smiled.

"Any news, sir?" Baxter asked.

"Yes, she's down—in a field; aircraft slightly damaged, crew all safe. The pilot's just rung the squadron."

As they left the operations room together, the rain still drove at them in gusty squalls, but now, at times, between the racing clouds, stars could be seen. The front had passed.

END

Rivers of my Life

By Negley Farson

IN 1925 I took a 26-ft. yawl from Rotterdam in Holland across Europe to Sulina on the Black Sea. Through Holland (it was the only peaceful one among them), Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Rumania.'

In Holland, coming out of that mad thoroughfare, the Meuse, we entered the river Lek, the Lower Rhine, and went up through a country so peaceful, with its dykes and slowly turning windmills that we felt we had rediscovered the country of Holland in the world of our childhood picture-books. Then the Rhine—fierce, thrumming with traffic; the great black paddle-wheel steamers, ships outward bound for all the world. Off the big Krupp works at Hochfeld we counted over a hundred barges, lying together, that were over 200 to 300 ft. long. They had steel hulls, like steamers. At Emmerich, where we waited to pass the Customs into Germany, we drank beer with the captains while German, French, Dutch, Belgian barges strained, tugging fretfully at their cables, waiting for the long climb that would take them way up to where the racing Rhine is ice-gray at Strasbourg. International armada . . . . with all the politics it implied.

In those eight months I got a more realistic and accurate picture of European peoples' woes and fancied grievances than I could have if I'd lived for eight years in those countries' capitals. I saw causes for war, I saw preparations for war. For instance, at Bamberg in Bavaria I was taken (by a cynical local journalist) into an old Uhlan barracks, where I was introduced to a batch of young Germans, under the guidance of a former Richthofen "ace," building a Harth glider. The "ace" said to me: "You have limited the horse-power of our engines by that terrible injustice, the Treaty of Versailles. Very well, we Germans are a people whom you can't treat like that, who won't be kept down. So . . . all over Germany . . . we are building these gliders now. With them, we have learned enough about aerodynamics to do with a 35 h.p. motor what we couldn't have done in the last war with a 135 h.p. motor." Among that group of fanatically eager young Germans, all of whom were becoming gliders themselves, I saw two girls, a young dentist, a young count. The "ace" told me proudly that in the 1914-18 war he had shot down fifteen Englishmen, and would, had he not lost one eye, have been flying with Abd el Krim at that moment. "I loathe the French," he said.

They weren't keeping these gliders secret, of course; only a few years later the world was startled by the sustained flights of the German gliders along the Harz Mountains. But the fact that the Herr Kaptain Möeller did talk so violently, "with the wraps off," and that they all invited us to have a beer afterwards (did I say *a* beer?) was entirely due to their sporting blood being stirred by the little 26-ft. *Flame*—lying in Bamberg—on her long trip to the Black Sea!

Similarly, when I asked Count Bethlen in Budapest for an interview with Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, I was at first refused—until I then told Bethlen how I had got to Budapest. *Flame* was lying at the Hungaria Rowing Club, which had made us its guests.

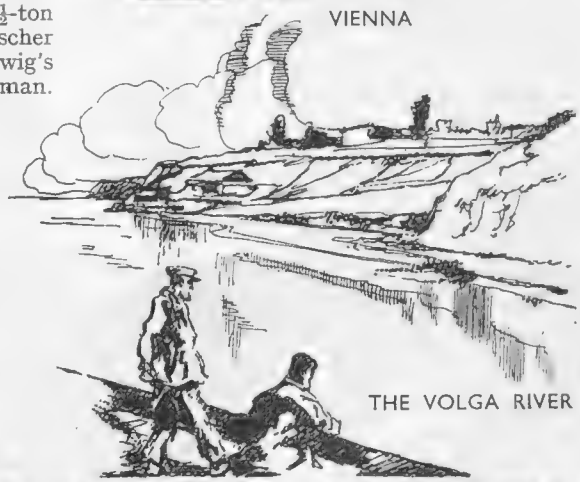
The next day an invitation arrived there for my wife and myself to have tea, out at Göddöllö, the old Habsburg hunting lodge, with Admiral Horthy and his wife. The Admiral, who is never addressed as anything but "Your Serene Highness," couldn't get over the fact of a 2½-ton boat being pulled over the Frankischer Jura Mountains, via the ancient Ludwig's Canal. He said: "You are a sportsman. I am having a partridge shoot here next week. Your presence would be greatly welcomed."

And at that shoot, where there were five admirals—not one of whom had a ship—one after another said to me: "It was a pity that we had to fight the British during the last war. We like them. And we are so like them—we too are a sporting people." Yes, I often thought of that pleasant partridge shoot after I had heard that old Admiral Horthy had gone to see Hitler, and (*Continued on page* 64)

HOLLAND

STRASBOURG

VIENNA



THE VOLGA RIVER

Decorations by J. Nicolson

SAILING ON CHESAPEAKE BAY

ON THE CONGO

Old Tales Re-told

A Drama Of The Irish Rebellion

How the Heir of the Edgeworths was Saved by a Faithful Retainer

Written and Illustrated

By F. Matania, R.I.

IT would be difficult to find in the chequered pages of history any event sufficiently violent or startling to impress us now. The past pales into insignificance by comparison with the present. Even the massacres ordered by Tamerlane or Genghis Khan, the invasions of Hannibal or the conquests of Alexander, the destruction of cities and the wholesale sacrifice of human lives incidental to them are completely overshadowed by the appalling events of the twentieth century.

What *does* stand out, however, is the dogged persistence of man, who, from primitive times, has always struggled to make a home for himself throughout all the horrors which he has created about him.

Let us focus our attention on a country which seems to have been predestined to violence and unrest—namely, Ireland.

The rebellion of 1641, which had for its object "Ireland for the Irish," was remarkable for the fact that it had been organised with such secrecy that no one had the least suspicion until it broke out on October 23.

The insurrection was against King Charles I., against the mobilisation of an army, against the Protestants, whether Irish or not, and against the feudal supremacy of the nobles.

It began in Ulster, amid much bloodshed. In Dublin, the insurgents failed to capture the Castle, but they succeeded all over the rest of the country in catching the owners of manors and large houses unawares. They set fire to many buildings and committed many acts of fatal violence, in spite of the fact that a general massacre was not part of their original plan.

In the county of Longford stood the castle of Cranallah, which belonged to Captain Edgeworth. This famous soldier was held to be a heretic who had repudiated the religion of his family.

At the time of the insurrection he was absent from home, having joined the forces of the Earl of Ormand.

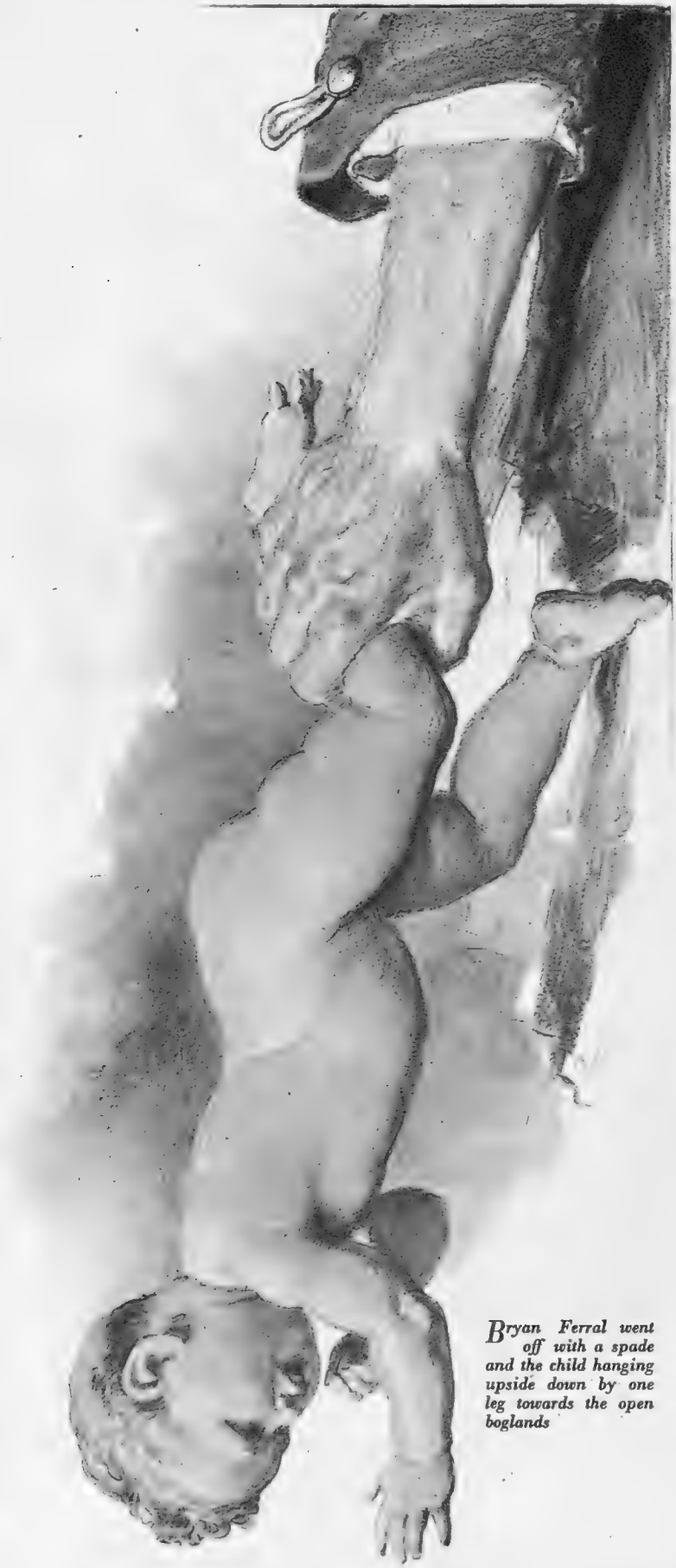
Hardly had the leading man stepped into the corridor when a blanket was suddenly thrown over him

From time immemorial the tradition of the Edgeworths had inspired respect and reverence.

The late Jane Edgeworth had piously devoted her life to the poor and her fortune to the foundation of a religious institution which had become the pride of the Irish Catholic world.

In the darkness of the night the rebels reached the very doors of the castle unnoticed. Inside, all was quiet and normal, as usual. The young wife of Captain Edgeworth had retired to her room at the back of the castle, and dismissed her maids. With the closing of the doors and the extinguishing of the candles activity ceased in preparation for the night's rest. An hour or so later the barking of a dog was heard, but that did not last long and no one paid any attention to it.

People of both sexes and all ages the most part completely ing, afraid to seek refuge because of



Bryan Ferral went off with a spade and the child hanging upside down by one leg towards the open boglands

A little later one of the bars across the ground-floor windows fell down and the opening shutters revealed a luminous glow from outside.

Some of the servants awakened and emerged from their quarters to investigate. Hardly had the leading man stepped into the corridor when a blanket was suddenly thrown over him, enveloping his head and extinguishing the lantern. In the resultant darkness the others were seized and muffled likewise. Through the open window men were jumping unhindered. Some bore torches and all were armed with improvised weapons.

The attack had been carried out with perfect swiftness and order. The invaders swarmed over the ground floor, entered the hall and threw open the main door, through which rushed great gusts of flame and smoke. Some of the men were shouting: "Get the woman! Where is she?"

Meanwhile, Lady Edgeworth had been awakened by the screams of the maids. She sprang out of her huge bed, threw off her nightgown, and was about to reach for her dressing-gown when the door burst open and half-a-dozen men rushed in. They dragged the poor woman out of the room and down the stairs, giving her no chance to cover herself with the wrap that she was clasping. They pulled her outside, across the courtyard and through the outer gate.

There she saw a crowd of maddened rebels, brandishing weapons and shouting curses and threats.

Lady Edgeworth, together with her captors, were caught in the current of the murderous rabble, jolted, squeezed and pushed from side to side in the tumult. One of the men who had been gripping her arm was forced to let go. Now she could struggle better.

If only she could cover her nakedness—which was naturally attracting attention to herself! Several times she stumbled and struggled up again, bruised and bleeding and almost suffocating. At last, with a final wrench, she broke free of her captors altogether.

NOT much was left of the gown which she had preserved with such despairing tenacity, but she wrapped it round her body as she fought to reach the edge of the road. Someone gave her a push which mercifully sent her reeling into the ditch. She crouched there, panting with terror and exhaustion. Her feet were cut by the flinty road and she was shivering

were wandering about, for naked, homeless and shiver- the risk of being murdered

with cold. But stronger even than her physical suffering was her fear of what might be happening to her baby.

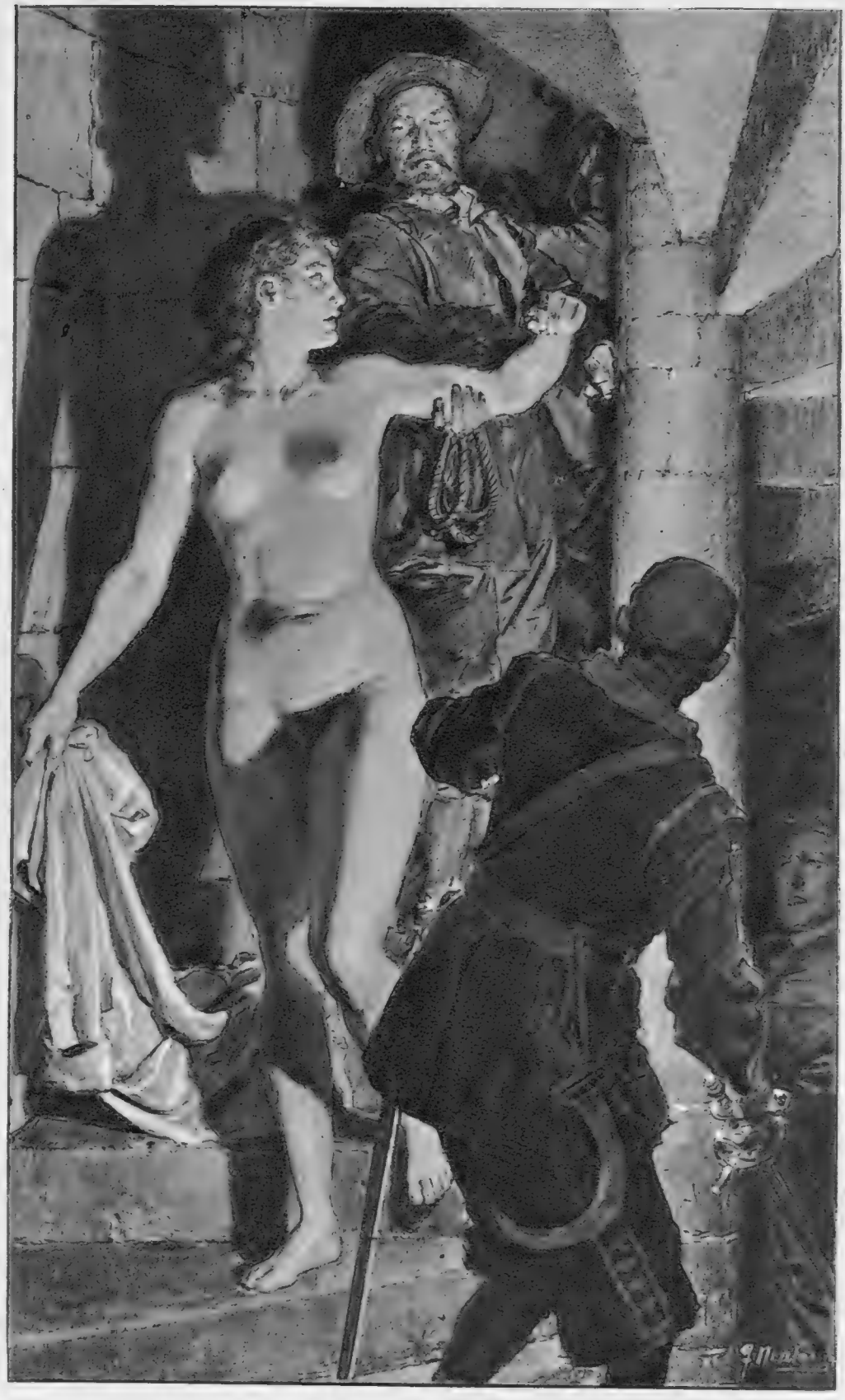
She had left her little son sleeping in his cradle in the adjoining room, in the care of his nurse. How could she save him from the fury of these men, intoxicated by their misguided ideas of patriotism that blotted out all vestiges of humanity? Their religious fanaticism made them capable of the very crimes that religion forbids. It was torture to imagine her little son at the mercy of these bloodthirsty louts, ready to change in an instant from the obsequious to the aggressive, maddened with hatred and intent on sacrilege and murder.

THE shouting, swaying horde of rebels had almost passed out of sight when a fresh lot appeared. Lady Edgeworth crawled away from the roadside and hid herself under a furze bush. There she stayed for the remainder of the night, praying to God for help and inspiration.

Up at the castle, meanwhile, drunk with the frenzy of destruction, the rabble was engaged in tearing down tapestries, breaking ornaments and making bonfires of the furniture in every room. The master was a heretic—therefore everything belonging to him was polluted by heresy and must be burnt and destroyed till nothing was left but a smoking ruin.

The library, with its panelled walls and countless rows of books, presented a splendid opportunity for the orgy of vandalism. Chairs and tables were piled up in the middle of the room, set fire to, and the fire replenished by cascades of books hurled from every angle. Flames were already leaping round the woodwork and the air was blue with smoke.

Some of the men were trying to tear down the last remaining picture from the walls—a portrait of a lady. The picture would not come off, for the very good reason that it was



The rebels dragged Lady Edgeworth out of the room and down the stairs, giving her no chance to cover herself with the wrap she was clasping

mounted into the panelling. But the brief respite which it had earned was enough to give the rebels a chance to notice that the lady portrayed had a cross hung about her throat and a rosary in her hands—the two unmistakable tokens of Catholicism. Someone who could read made out a name written in the corner of the portrait. It was "Jane Edgeworth." A moment's silence followed this discovery. Then someone shouted, "Jane Edgeworth was a saint! Put out the fire!"

Others took up the cry. "Put out the fire! Water—water!"

In a few seconds the action was reversed, the burning core of the fire kicked apart and pails of water brought in to put an end to the destruction. Heavy boots stamped out the

flames that were consuming priceless editions of Bacon and Shakespeare.

The new slogan—" Put out the fire ! "—passed from room to room, and soon all over the castle the invaders were working as hard at rescue as they had recently toiled in the cause of destruction.

Such was the power of a sacred effigy on the Catholic mind that it could force it to deviate from wrongdoing and sacrilege even in the heat of the moment. A mystical and illogical power, perhaps—but then, what has logic to do with humanity ?

THE flames having been brought under control and sacrilege averted, the miscreants then entered a room which had been overlooked. In it they found a woman who sprang up and tried to shield with her own body the cradle in which lay the infant son of Captain Edgeworth. One of the rebels seized the baby by one leg and ran out of the room with the intention of dashing its brains out against the wall, when an Irish servant (described as " of the lowest order "), named Bryan Ferral, intervened in time, claiming the right to give the little heretic a death which he really deserved.

" A sudden end would be far too good for the brat," he said. " Better to plunge him up to the neck in a boghole and leave him there for the worms to eat and the crows to pick his eyes out."

All agreed that slow torture was far more fitting for a heretic, even when only a few months old ; so the rebel allowed Ferral to snatch the baby from his hands. A significant wink was exchanged between the two men, and soon afterwards Bryan Ferral went off with a spade and the child hanging upside down by one leg towards the open boglands. Here, in the darkness, he wrapped the baby in a blanket and placed him in a bucket which he had collected on his way from an outhouse. He did it with an almost motherly tenderness, glancing round constantly to make sure that he was unobserved.

Carefully choosing the right spot, he sank the bucket up to the lip in the bog. The child's head was thus safely above the ground. When he heard footsteps approaching Ferral called out ferociously, " I 'll settle the brat ! "

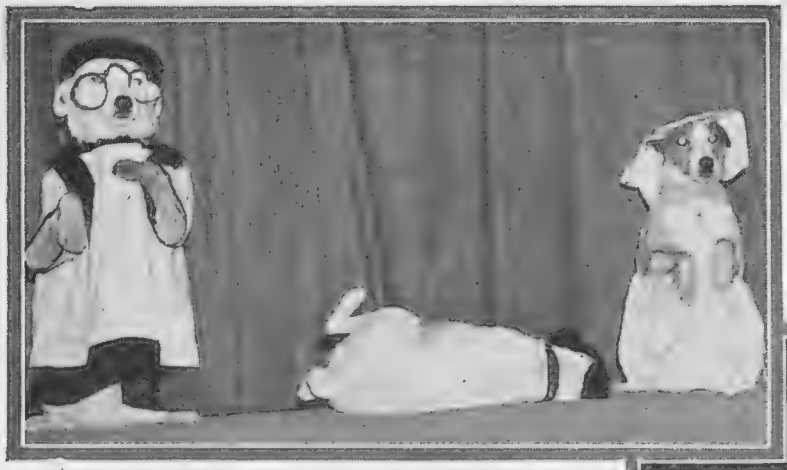
Until daybreak he busied himself about the spot, never losing sight of the little round head sticking up out of the mud.

DIRECTLY the rebels, tired and satiated, had dispersed to their camps in the surrounding countryside, Ferral went back to the bog, pulled the bundle out of the pail and disappeared into a shed near by. The same day he left the castle carrying a huge pannier in which were to be seen some live chickens and some eggs and a gourd full of milk, in addition to his personal belongings. He passed through the rebel encampment as a comrade, shouting " Down with the heretics ! " Thus he was able to cross the danger zone, alleging when challenged that he was going to his native village.

Ferral, her faithful servant, had with him the same large pannier in which the heir of Edgeworth had been hidden among the chickens. He picked up the bonny little boy and handed him to his mother

That same dawn revealed, not many miles from the castle of Cranallah, a truly appalling spectacle. People of both sexes and all ages were wandering about, for the most part completely naked, homeless and shivering, afraid to seek refuge because of the risk of being murdered.

The state of these poor wretches was due not only to the fact of the insurrection being timed for midnight, but also to the deliberate proviso of the insurgent leaders that their enemies should be stripped of (*Continued on page* 53)



A TRIO of performing dogs rehearsing for a circus performance. Dogs are placed in the first six for animal intelligence

Can Animals Reason?

By Frank W. Lane

FEW aspects of natural history are more fascinating than the study of the psychology of animals. To find where instinct ends and reasoning begins; to test an individual animal's ability to solve a problem it has never met in its normal life; to class the various species of animals in order of their general intelligence; these are some of the problems which scientists are constantly trying to answer.

Already their patient researches have yielded some fascinating results. In some cases their investigations have shown that long accepted beliefs concerning animals have been quite wrong.

For example, it has been popularly believed that fish are devoid of a sense of hearing and their intelligence is practically nil. Yet here is an account of an experiment which proves that fish cannot only hear remarkably well but can use their "grey matter" as well.

Some blind minnows were taken and placed in an aquarium. By association the fish were taught that when a given sound was made by a whistle or a tuning fork food was dropped into their tank. It was found that after the meaning of the feeding sound had been learned the fish invariably reacted to it: some by diving down and snapping for food on the bottom, others by swimming to the surface and snapping there, and others by stopping still and snapping vigorously.

The investigators then endeavoured to find the acuteness of the minnows' hearing. It was proved that a soft sound, given 200 feet from the aquarium, produced the feeding reaction on the part of the fish. Then a large aquarium was placed alongside that in which the minnows were kept and a man dived down inside. The sound was given again and, as judged by their reactions, some of the minnows heard as well, or even a little better than the man in the larger aquarium.

The next step was to see if the minnows could distinguish between sounds and, if so, to what extent. Again a blind minnow was taken and thoroughly trained to the feeding signal. Then another sound was introduced, one or two octaves higher or lower than the feeding signal, but no food was given. If the fish reacted to this signal with the feeding reaction it was punished by a light blow with a glass rod. It was found after some time that the minnow gave the feeding reaction only to the feeding sound. When the other signal was given it either gave no reaction or else a distinct flight reaction to avoid the expected punishing blow.

Most of the fish used in these experiments could easily be trained to distinguish between two sounds at an interval of one octave, and some fish, evidently with an ear for music, could distinguish between the two sounds of a minor third! Other experiments showed that some of the fish could differentiate between tones and noises, two alternating tones and between four to five different tones.

ELEPHANTS are also placed by Dr. Reid Blair in the first six places for intelligence. Here is a baby Indian elephant being taught to perform a trick

THE chimpanzee is placed first by Dr. Reid Blair, who was head of a famous zoo in America, as the most intelligent of animals. Here is a picture of Bella, the chimpanzee at Whipsnade Zoo, helping a bricklayer

Other experiments which have been carried out on fish have proved that they can distinguish between colours and react to coloured signals in a way which, if the reactions occurred with human subjects, would be taken to indicate definite reasoning powers.

The scientific experiments on the reasoning and other powers of fish lend credit to some of the remarkable anecdotes which are occasionally told concerning fish. One such account may be given here.

During an "In Town Tonight" broadcast several years ago a man who used to keep a large variety of fish for exhibition purposes described how he taught one of them to loop the loop in the water. Asked how he trained the fish to do this he replied: "By trailing a worm through the water in front of him in a circular movement and making him chase it. Now, whenever he sees me, he loops the loop till he gets his worm."

A word of caution concerning the interpretation of animal, including fish, behaviour should be added here. Not all actions which, to man, appear to be intelligent are necessarily so, but may be the result of conditioning built up over a period of time and resulting in what the scientists call a "conditioned reflex" to given stimuli. The classic example of this sort (*Continued on page* 62)

A Time For Tact

All Manner Of Odd Things Go To The Catching Of A Spy

By Stanley Jackson

THE members of the Savants Club were relaxing after a reasonably good dinner. The chef had contrived a menu which gave an illusion of pre-war plenty without prodding the conscience of the members, among whom were several Cabinet Ministers. But if some of the dishes were pared by austerity standards there was nothing "ersatz" about the quality of the talk. The Savants puffed on their Havanas and caressed their brandy glasses with appreciative hands.

"Well, Charles, is there another best-seller on the stocks?" demanded Coutts, the explorer, with a genial smile.

Charles Sutton nodded, and little lines of fun edged his grey eyes. "A Secret Service thriller," he said comfortably. "Hollywood has made me an offer."

"What's it all about? Beautiful blondes and clean-cut heroes who nail the Nazis in the last chapter?" teased Coutts. But the novelist did not rise to the bait. He shot a glance at a lean grey-haired man in the corner. Sir James Wharton of Naval Intelligence.

"Wharton would undoubtedly shoot me down in flames the moment I opened my mouth," said Sutton with a laugh.

"Not at all," grunted the man from the Admiralty. "But I do think these Secret Service yarns are usually a bit mechanical. The bits all fit so perfectly like a child's jig-saw puzzle." He drew on his excellent Havana. "From my experience all manner of odd things go to the catching of a spy. And luck often plays a bigger part than brilliant deduction." His eyes were half-closed, and the Savants edged closer, eager for an anecdote. But Sutton was not in a chatty mood. His mind's eye strayed back to the deck of a motor torpedo boat which was threading through enemy minefields off the French coast. . . .

ONE of several light craft, M.T.B. 1246, was snaking ahead on the track of the heavy German cruiser sighted only a few hours previously by a Sunderland on reconnaissance. It hadn't been long

DIETRICH had seen the red light in time. Descriptions were flashed over the continent, but all trace of him was lost

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

"SO," roared Manuel. He picked up the gun that was leaning against his desk. "Senor, you have misunderstood . . ." There was panic in the German's voice. "I will give you money"

before the little fleet was ready and scudding along. Motors were nicely tuned and torpedoes greased, and 2,000 gallons of the finest 100-octane fuel gurgled in the tanks.

The skipper stared out over the dark waters. By straining his eyes he could just make out the blurred shape of the cruiser hugging the coast. There was a heavy sea running, but the men standing guard at the turrets of the four ·50-calibre machine guns were like statues waiting to be touched into sudden life by the command "Fire!" In a matter of minutes the cruiser would be safely tucked in port. She would have to be disposed of before the shore guns could get the range of the daring little raider.

The M.T.B. was purring along comfortably when a light stuttered from the dark line of coast. Instead of identifying herself, she heeled sharply and picked up speed. A searchlight fanned out a code message of warning. In reply the M.T.B. skipper gave her full right rudder and the full speed ahead order. Great waves were bouncing over the cockpit, dashing stinging salt into the skipper's face, but he scarcely noticed it. He was trying to focus the faint murmur of engines which came from behind, hoping that it wasn't an enemy ship coming round to cut off his retreat.

The searchlight suddenly picked them up, and almost at once tracers stabbed the darkness. There was a rumbling from the three-inch batteries on shore, and shells shrilled overhead. The skipper cursed under his breath and gave her hard rudder before flattening out. The searchlight was blinding them now, and it might be only seconds before those field guns got the range. Tracer bullets were slapping the water all around. The cruiser would have to wait until he had muzzled that damned beacon. He cut speed to ten knots and nosed quietly in on two engines. Then the M.T.B. shot right into the beam of light and fired its starboard torpedo. She heeled sharply to dodge the hail of tracer bullets and shells that were churning up the water. There was a sheet of flame and a great geyser of smoke shot up from the shore. The searchlight went out, but there were frantic flashes of light from the six-inch guns.

The cruiser seemed to have disappeared and the skipper waited breathlessly for a minute, undecided whether to go right in or guide the three-inch guns of the oncoming destroyers. The murmur of their engines was a steady roar now, and he judged that they would be up in a matter of a few minutes, but meanwhile the cruiser would have slid into her funk-hole, screened by those shore batteries. He decided to go in.

Ignoring the shells, the M.T.B. rocketed forward, squirting lead at the pin-pricks of light from the shore. She seemed to jump, then heeled sharply as a shell tore into her side. The skipper held his breath as she straightened up. Those shore guns were certainly on target, he conceded grudgingly, to be able to pick out a seventy-foot ship in the dark. A warning from the engine room—two engines dead and a gasoline leakage. The skipper gritted his teeth as his mind automatically registered the danger. With their speed cut to fifteen knots they would make a clay pigeon for those Jerry gunners on shore. Another lucky hit might touch off that leaking highly volatile stuff. Even if they withdrew it would be touch-and-go to make base with a shortage of petrol. And in an hour or so dawn would gleam over the Atlantic, hoisting Nazi planes from a dozen airfields.

"Hell!" he said to himself. "It's a fair swap. A little boat for a fat cruiser." Just then the Nazi ship was lit up against the flashes of the shore guns. The M.T.B. eased up slightly, flattened out and then let go a torpedo. A flash of lightning squirted up, followed by columns of smoke. There was a dull roar and the crew cheered while they continued to spray the shore with their ·50-calibre slugs.

Another searchlight—or possibly the one that had been damaged—threw out a shoal of light, but there were engines roaring now round the little M.T.B. The destroyers were racing in, our destroyers, and soon the probing finger of the searchlight was stubbed out.

It was a good night's work, but a certain branch of the Admiralty was more interested in a survivor's wallet than

the destruction of the cruiser and a few field guns. The German had been picked up with a few other half-drowned men by one of our destroyers. He was searched, and the papers in his wallet handed to an official when the little flotilla put in at a south coast port a few hours later.

There was no glamour or high-speed thrill about the business; in fact, it looked like pure red tape, at first sight. The official thumbed through the papers in the wallet and did not appear to be particularly interested. A few banknotes in Spanish, French and German currency—several private letters of no importance—a number of business cards. It was one of the latter that the official sealed in an envelope and dispatched to London after consulting a bulky ledger labelled "Trading with the Enemy." It was the latest edition of the Black List of business firms in neutral territories. The New World Development Co. did not appear to be on the list, and the naval official decided to send the business card up to the Ministry of Economic Warfare, just in case.

Wharton of Naval Intelligence did not come into the picture for several months, by which time the military authorities on both sides of the Atlantic had learned a good deal about the New World Development Co. The company advanced money to hard-up plantation owners and ranchers throughout Brazil. Its magnificent suite of offices in the Paseo de la Rioja was the most modern in Rio, a symphony in chromium, with dapper Brazilian salesmen and solid-looking directors on the board.

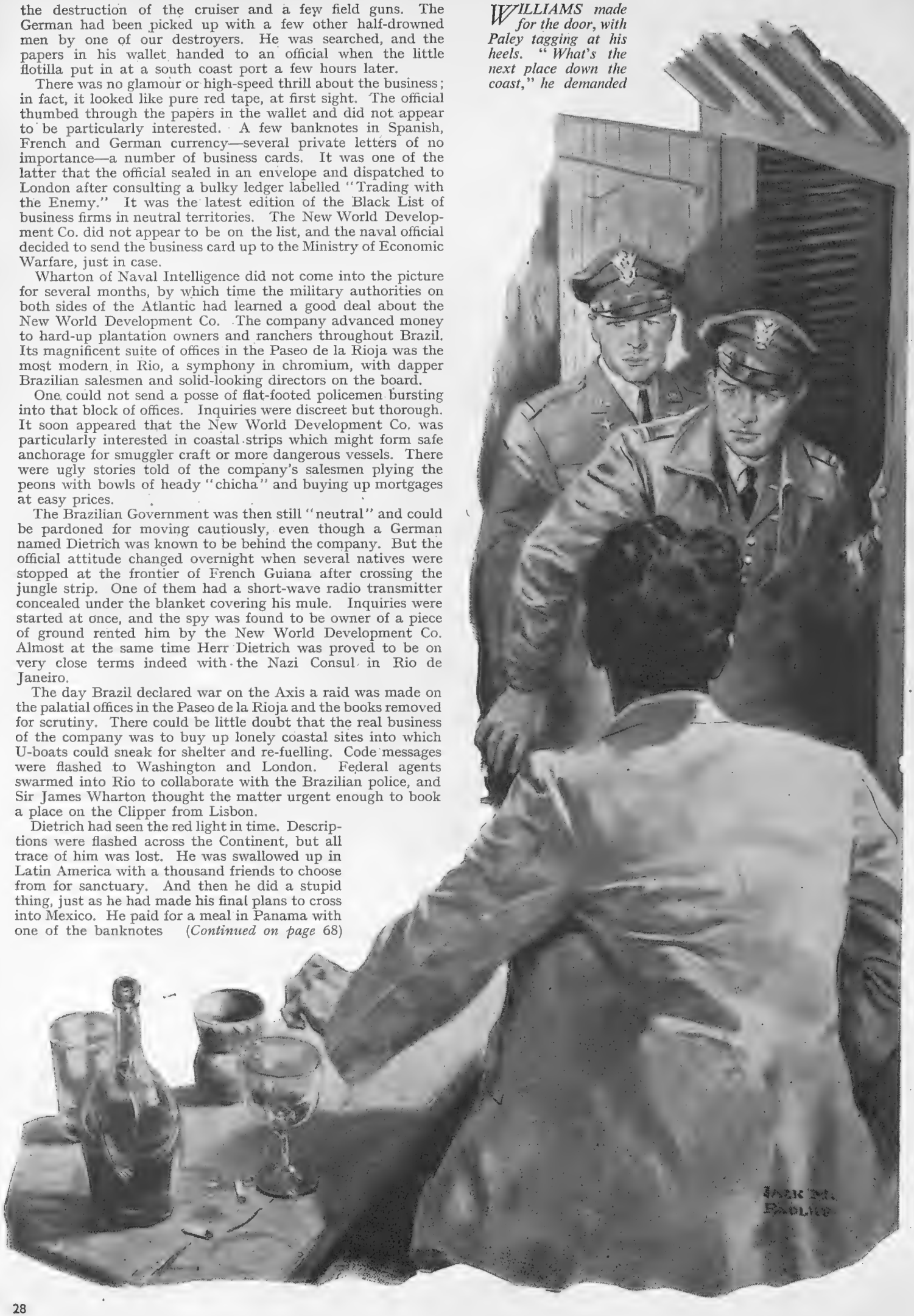
One could not send a posse of flat-footed policemen bursting into that block of offices. Inquiries were discreet but thorough. It soon appeared that the New World Development Co. was particularly interested in coastal strips which might form safe anchorage for smuggler craft or more dangerous vessels. There were ugly stories told of the company's salesmen plying the peons with bowls of heady "chicha" and buying up mortgages at easy prices.

The Brazilian Government was then still "neutral" and could be pardoned for moving cautiously, even though a German named Dietrich was known to be behind the company. But the official attitude changed overnight when several natives were stopped at the frontier of French Guiana after crossing the jungle strip. One of them had a short-wave radio transmitter concealed under the blanket covering his mule. Inquiries were started at once, and the spy was found to be owner of a piece of ground rented him by the New World Development Co. Almost at the same time Herr Dietrich was proved to be on very close terms indeed with the Nazi Consul in Rio de Janeiro.

The day Brazil declared war on the Axis a raid was made on the palatial offices in the Paseo de la Rioja and the books removed for scrutiny. There could be little doubt that the real business of the company was to buy up lonely coastal sites into which U-boats could sneak for shelter and re-fuelling. Code messages were flashed to Washington and London. Federal agents swarmed into Rio to collaborate with the Brazilian police, and Sir James Wharton thought the matter urgent enough to book a place on the Clipper from Lisbon.

Dietrich had seen the red light in time. Descriptions were flashed across the Continent, but all trace of him was lost. He was swallowed up in Latin America with a thousand friends to choose from for sanctuary. And then he did a stupid thing, just as he had made his final plans to cross into Mexico. He paid for a meal in Panama with one of the banknotes (*Continued on page* 68)

WILLIAMS made for the door, with Paley tagging at his heels. "What's the next place down the coast," he demanded



A RED squirrel enjoying a nut. Unfortunately the red squirrel is on the decrease in this country. In some of its former localities it has become almost extinct

The grey squirrel. A visitor from America

A Sprite Of The Tree Tops

The Red Squirrel and its Winter Domain

By B. Melville Nicholas

WHEN the hazels shed their nuts and the leaves of the trees turn golden brown, the red squirrel prepares its winter nest. It is a large, roomy nest of grasses, leaves and twigs, and one autumn evening, when a chilly mist rested in the valley and the woods through which I wandered hinted of frost, I watched a pair of squirrels making their winter home.

They had selected a site among the topmost branches of a tall fir tree. It was at least forty feet above ground, and during the brief while that I watched them they made scores of journeys up and down the tree trunk.

But what interested me most of all was the careful way they selected the materials for their winter home. To think that squirrels use whatever twigs are nearest to hand (or should I have said to paw?) is to make a great mistake, for every stick is examined thoroughly before being used. This rule also applies to the other materials and I noticed that these squirrels ignored leaves within a few yards of their home tree and travelled considerable distances to get the particular kind of leaves they wanted.

Personally (and my experience stretches over a period of twenty-five years), I feel convinced that squirrels pair for life and that the wedded pairs remain together throughout the year. I also believe that young squirrels live near their parents until the following spring, and I have even known instances where they have actually shared their parents' winter home.

All adult squirrels are so much alike that it's difficult to distinguish between the sexes. Generally, however, the female is slightly the smaller of the two, but both she and her partner adopt a winter attire in which their flanks become grey, their bushy tails creamy-brown, and long tufts develop on their ears.

They do *not* hibernate, but they do sleep for longer periods when the temperature is low, and greatly dislike rain and wind. Yet, their sleep is not profound, and a slight tapping on the tree trunk is all that is needed to send them racing through the branches. Nor do they confine their winter activities to the tree-tops, for on many occasions I have traced their paw marks in the snow, and some of my most happy observations of squirrels have taken place when their woodland territory has been transformed into a world of dazzling whiteness.

Then it is that I have seen them leave their spacious, domed nest in the branches, stretch and yawn on their doorstep, and then, like dainty fairies, descend the tree trunk en route for one of their larders. Of course, the fact that squirrels hide food in summer and autumn is well known, but whether they do so for the express purpose of providing for their winter needs is a question about which naturalists differ. Personally, I do not credit the squirrel with superhuman (*Continued on page* 54)

A PICTURE of an immature grey squirrel, taken in the autumn season

To-morrow's Sun

A Drama of Conflicting Emotions—Love and Loyalty

By Fan Nichols

OBSTINATELY each morning a kettle appeared on Pierre Sabin's grave among the wind-bent trees at the back of the little white church of St. Antoine. And each morning, with furious chagrin, Captain Staulk's men removed it, for it symbolised the continued defiance of the villagers.

This Pierre, knowing that watered oil would befoul an engine, had emptied a kettle of water into one of the fuel tanks used to supply German ships which managed to run the British blockade. He had been caught, and for good measure six of his neighbours were shot along with him. Too bad, said Jean Galudec, the village baker, that the Nazis could not get rid of *kettles* by shooting them.

During the summer the British bombers loosed tons of explosives on the occupied coast of France, yet St. Antoine was spared, for there was visible only a straggle of red-roofed houses on the slopes above a tiny bay edged by steep cliffs. The English had no way of knowing that one of their missing pilots lay hidden in Jean Galudec's bakery, or that a vast fuel dump, a plane runway, and signal towers snuggled beneath leafy camouflage.

One night, as Jean returned from the duty to Pierre's grave, a sentry's bullet furrowed his back, and alarm—lest his injury interfere with to-morrow's baking for Captain Staulk and his staff—made him crawl to the cottage where Doctor Kessler lived with his young wife. When he tapped on the kitchen window someone inside turned off a light and opened the door. A faint smell of heather told him it was Teresa Kessler, his friend. Her hands grasped his jacket, pulled him into the room.

"Jean! What's wrong? What happened? I heard shots——" Her voice held frightened concern.

"I have suffered a slight wound," he said. "*They* did not see me. God is good!"

"If they ever suspect you, the English flyer hidden in your shop will never escape them—and he must! Doctor will have to help us. I'll persuade him somehow."

She closed the door and put the light on again, saw the moss stains on Jean's loose trousers, the blood-soaked back of his blouse. His gaunt brown face cast off its deceptive mask of stupidity as he said:—

"The wound is perhaps nothing, but this night I must arrange for the boat. The English lieutenant plans that you will accompany his escape. That is good. We put you in danger and we do not wish your life."

"Sometimes I feel I'd give my life for soap that would lather, so it can't be so vital," she said dryly; then her slight undernourished body tensed with immediate purpose. "If the patrol comes to search, conceal your wound and pretend sleep," she said, assisting him to the bedroom off the kitchen. "I'll say you are an invited guest for the night."

Teresa approached the doctor in the parlour. The side of his face which had the nervous tic was turned from her. His right arm hung stiffly at his side.

"Jean has been hurt, Martin," she said, speaking in English. "I've put him to bed. Will you come?"

"No. Get the village doctor," he answered in German.

"He was taken away yesterday—for leaving his house to deliver a child after curfew! Oh, Martin—help us, please!"

"Speak in German or French," he ordered sharply. "You wave English as if it were a Star Spangled Banner. I refuse to rise, my dear. Surely you can't expect a one-armed man to treat Jean?"

"You could try. You're a doctor." To soothe him she used German.

"I am not," he said. "I *was* a surgeon, not a doctor. I hate the word doctor. It means nothing. There are doctors of philosophy, languages, chemistry." He turned his long furrowed face towards her now and the tic in his cheek kept jerking up a corner of his mouth, animating the narrow moustache so that it kept kicking upwards like the hind quarters of a tiny mouse.

"Stop staring at me as if I were a circus freak!" he said harshly.

"If you don't help Jean I shall stare at you all

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

"GETTING that map to England is more important than you or me. You have to go." Teresa's voice steadied, concealing inner chaos

night. Martin, do what you can—I beg you. He's terribly important to all of us! Every time a train is derailed, a bridge blown, a supply truck stolen, he's behind it. He's our *leader*."

He moved uneasily. "I shan't be persuaded. I warned you not to involve yourself, or me, with these saboteurs—or with this flyer whose presence endangers us all! Yet you risk your neck to carry food and messages, to plot against the Nazis—damn it, you little fool, do you imagine you won't be caught?"

"At night I dream of being caught," she said. "I wake up drenched with the sweat of terror—" her low-pitched voice became a whisper—"but I could not live with myself and not help these people. Once you would have understood."

"Once I had two good arms." His hand covered the tic and he spoke through the interstice of his third and fourth fingers. "If Jean dies it's just as well. He only incites the people to rebel and be killed."

"If they don't die fighting, they will die starving. I have medicine and bandages ready. Come, Martin."

As if her determination was too much for him to combat, he got up and followed her. He was tall and lean and stooped, very grey, and the bad arm hung like a broken tree limb.

HUGO STAULK hesitated.
"Would you notify me if you learned the flyer's whereabouts?" he asked

He bent over the man in the bed. "Get out," he ordered Teresa.

In the kitchen she put more wood in the stove, lifted the lid of a kettle to see if the water would soon boil. If Martin had need of his instruments they must be sterilised. But can he use them? she wondered. If he wants to, if he has to, he might attempt it. Even a partially successful effort might alleviate his moroseness over his wasted skill, his useless learning.

Will I be able to leave him? she thought. To escape to England with Christopher Adams?

Her years under the Nazis pressed down upon her, obliterating remembrance of freedom in a free land, and England seemed as far away, as unattainable, as the Connecticut valley town where her family still lived. She would have to decide soon; go or stay, and end this tug of war between loyalty to Martin and the urge to flee with Chris Adams.

Five nights ago, when his plane had been shot down into the sea beyond the cliffs of St. Antoine, he had parachuted to dubious safety. Jean had found him, half-drowned, dizzy from the pain of a wrenched shoulder, and smuggled him into the bakery. He spoke no French, so Jean had fetched her to interpret. They had just got inside the bakery when they heard the patrol, heard the butt of a gun strike the front door. Jean had pushed her into a black secret cubicle, closed the wall.

"We can't talk now," she whispered to the man huddled on the floor. "I'm here to help you. I'm an American."

After a moment a hand had groped for hers. She took it between her palms to warm it. Her fingers touched the cold, wet coat-sleeve. He was shivering and this stone-walled cooling room was like a refrigerator. Carefully, pressing a finger against his lips for silence, she eased off the coat, felt him wince. His shirt, too, was drenched. His skin was icy, goose-fleshed. Wrathful searching boots tromped the earth outside. Impossible for Jean to bring Doctor Miquelon. In another hour

pneumonia might take this life which Jean had snatched from the Nazis.

Again she pressed the man's lips with her finger, then unbuttoned his shirt, spread it back to expose his bare chest and covered him with her own body, slipping her arms beneath him, resting her cheek against his. He seemed to understand what she was doing, and why, for he lay unmoving, absorbing her warmth. Beneath her breasts she had felt his heart rally. He smelt clean and young.

In the morning when she told Martin of the flyer, he'd said: "How generous of you to lend him *my* clothes. If *they* should discover him we will all be shot. I think I shall turn informer to prove my innocence."

"And sign a death warrant for Doctor Miquelon? For Jean, and me?"

"You know the penalty for giving aid to the enemy," he shrugged.

"You were *once* an American," she had said bitterly.

"Oh, stop fretting," he mocked. "And stop looking so damnably excited. You'll give yourself away. You *are* vulnerable, aren't you? Is the wounded flyer young and handsome? Do you already entertain romantic ideas? If you do—well, I can always turn him in and say I kept silent under duress."

"I'm tired, Martin It was almost daybreak before the doctor fixed his shoulder"

"To hell with him and his shoulder!" He put his left arm around her and kissed her mouth. "You're mine, Teresa. Don't ever forget it."

Now she looked up as Martin came out of the bedroom, his pallor attesting to screaming nerves. The ordeal must have been worse than she'd imagined. Involuntarily she recalled his appearance after an operation in Vienna—his air of cool sure triumph—his exaltation because again he had robbed death.

"Martin." She spoke gently, as one speaks to an overwrought child. "Is Jean badly hurt?"

"The bombers," he muttered. "Hundreds of them coming over to-night. I hear them even in sleep—you asked about Jean, didn't you? Just a flesh wound. It won't infect now. He's determined to leave, even though he's weak from loss of blood. He's a madman, a zealot——"

"He's a patriot." Her mouth softened. "Thank you for saving him. Martin. You've been wonderful."

She took a bottle of wine from the cupboard and poured a glassful for him, held it to his lips. While he drank, her mind revived the memory of their flight from (*Continued on page* 56)

TERESA felt Captain Staulk's fingers dig into her shoulder. His face was apoplectic from exertion

On Duty and Off

It is a bit hard on the English girls, after four years of war, to find themselves compared with American girls, and the " pin-up " variety at that. We have been told that English girls fail to make the most of themselves, but in spite of this we have been assured that the Americans find English girls charming. You can tell with half an eye that the sentiment is reciprocated. I spent some time in the States back in 1939. I studied beauty treatments given in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago and Hollywood. I watched the movie stars working on the sets, lunching in the studio canteens, and I met them at various parties. I watched college girls and jitterbugs, glamour girls, stenographers and shop girls. I also had the chance of seeing my own friends and relations once more. So when it comes to a question of comparing English and American girls, I feel I know what I am talking about

By Jane Gordon

NO other country understands mass production as it is understood in America, and this includes everything used by women, from lingerie to fur coats, hair pins to nail varnish, and ice boxes to table silver. True, the American woman is more pampered than any other woman in the world, but she is also better groomed. She takes endless trouble about the smallest detail. Here is the type of quiz that is frequently checked over in the States by American girls.

1. Are your comb and brush always clean, your powder-puff spotless ?
2. Do you brush your teeth twice a day and use a mouth wash ? (A coffee-spoonful of salt in half a tumbler of clear warm water makes an excellent mouth wash.)
3. Do you give your nails a little daily attention, keep the tips clean and white, smooth the edges with emery board, and push back cuticles with a smear of oil or vaseline ?
4. Do you shampoo your hair before it looks limp and oily ?
5. Do you brush your hair thoroughly every day ?
6. Do you go over your clothes once a week and see that they are mended, brushed, cleaned, pressed and polished ?
7. Are your handbags immaculate inside as well as out, or are they dusty with powder, stained with lipstick and spattered with little bits of tobacco ?
8. Is your powder compact and lipstick case spick and span ?
9. Do you ever start out with a crumpled handkerchief or slightly grubby gloves ?
10. Do you go round with lipstick on your teeth or powder on your shoulders ?
11. Do you use pins instead of sewing on hooks and buttons ?
12. Do you ever check up on your posture ? The way to do this is to stand against a wall, feet apart, knees slightly bent, arms at shoulder level, bent at the elbow, and backs of hands flat on the wall. Push the small of the back to the wall, at the same time drawing in the abdomen. Now slide your arms up as far as you can without hollowing your back. Relax and repeat five times. This is a good chest raiser, as well as fine for posture.

Even if you are young and as pretty as a picture the chances are that you are no " pin-up " girl. It is unlikely that your picture appears in magazines and tabloids, and though every young woman may have a little sneaking feeling of jealousy for this type of glamour, she 'd probably rather have her photograph or snapshot cherished exclusively by one particular man. If you are going to have your photograph specially taken for this purpose here are some hints that you may find useful.

When making-up for the photograph be particularly careful not to use cheek rouge, because red comes out black in a photograph and the rouge would give you dark spots on the cheeks. Too light a shade of powder gives bad results, and the powder must, of course, be very fine. Use your lipstick extra lightly for the photograph, and be sure that the outline of your lips is not smudged. Before you keep your appointment with the photographer, check up on your eyebrows and pluck out any hairs that grow out of line. If you still have a little mascara, keep it for this one occasion. Do not have your hair set the day your photograph is to be taken, but at least three or four days previously. Above all, when you find yourself in front of the camera don't try and assume the expression that you consider most becoming, or the effect will look horribly posed. It is hard to relax and look natural in front of the camera, but talk in a friendly way to the photographer and you will find you lose a lot of self-consciousness. If you can kid yourself into thinking that he is just taking snapshots of you the result will probably be perfect.

YOU may not agree with me about this, but I think that Englishwomen wear their uniform better than the American women. The actual uniform may not be as well cut; the skirts are inclined to be too short and too tight. Our stockings are not such good quality as the American stockings. But an Englishwoman wears her uniform with perfect assurance and with no trace of self-consciousness.

Here is a uniform quiz. Examine your conscience on these questions. Allow yourself a maximum of ten for each answer and see how much you can add up to.

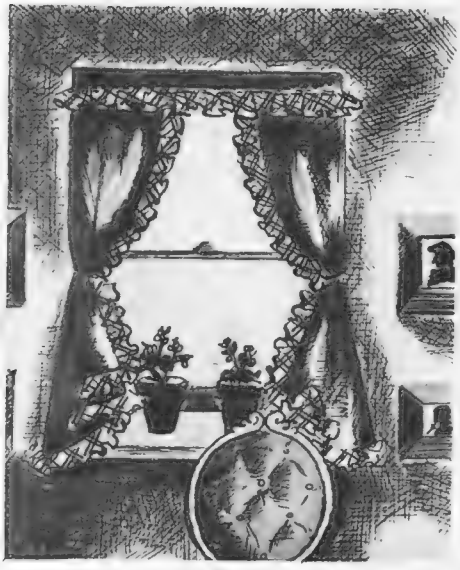
1. Do you keep your hair clear of your uniform collar ?
2. Have you a coat-hanger for your uniform jacket, coat, dress or uniform ?
3. Do you button your jacket when you hang it up and make sure that the hanger is properly fitted into the shoulders ?
4. Do you always brush your uniform when you take it off ? (Con. on p. 67)

An easy way to make a new set of table-mats from some worn-out lino. Cut 8-in. squares from the good parts and make for each a covering slip of chintz or cretonne. An envelope back, like a pillow-case, saves the need of fastening. These mats are heat-resisting

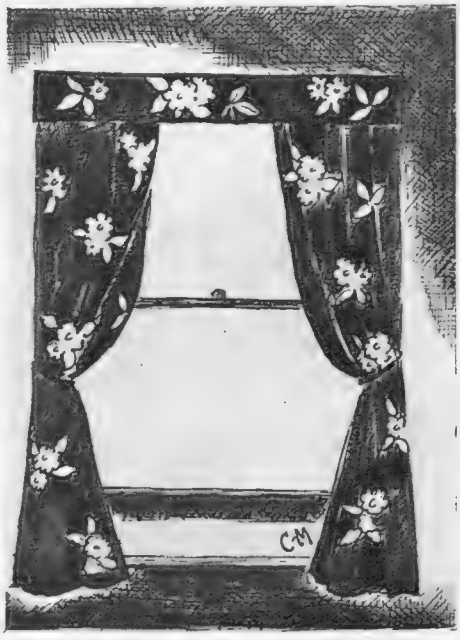
An old fireside *pouf* can be given a new figure. Strip off the outer cover and patch the underlining where it has burst. Tie a strong cord round the waist and knot tightly to restore the shape. Use an old curtain or any odd length of strong fabric to make a new outer cover

STIMU

These are what your home needs Some new accents of colour, a of new paint for a piece of furniture or cushion or a new trimming for None of us has much time or things. But an odd hour, a quiet old stuff or a pot of paint will work The important thing is to plan your house before you start operations. and a careful line-up of the additions the home and you the stimulant



Plain silk curtains make a new start in life if they are given the stimulus of a new frill. A tartan-silk frill is especially charming if you have an old plaid-silk dress or petticoat to use. If you haven't, even a plain frill of another coloured silk will give the window a brand-new appearance



New curtain materials bring up the problem of coupons again, but plain green black-out material can be used effectively in the manner illustrated. Simple sprays of flowers are cut from a piece of cretonne and scattered over the surface of the curtains with neat, buttonhole stitching. Red and white sprays on black material are dramatic. Rows of different-coloured braid sewn along the edges and at the hem of green black-out curtains make a bold and colourful trimming if you have no time for the appliqué cretonne work

A table for fireside meals can be made from a card-table by cutting down the legs, stripping the baize top and painting the legs and plywood surface in a bright enamel. A simple *motif*, such as the one suggested, can be painted on the centre of the table-top and repeated round the sides. Stick-on pictures, varnished over, are equally good as a decoration

Try a decorating purge. Rid the house of those dull, familiar, un-useful bits of furniture and ornamentation which you have been keeping from sheer habit rather than because you really like them. This gives a clean-swept look to tired rooms, and makes room for clever new accents of colour or arrangement which give new life to old schemes

Badly fitting windows and doors are number one menace to comfort. Buy felt beading to tack around the draughty windows. If you have an old heavy curtain stored away, hang it over the inside of the front door for the winter. This excludes cold draughts and raises the temperature of the hall surprisingly on cold and draughty winter days

Shabby trays come up with smiling faces if they are thoroughly scrubbed and sandpapered before treating them to a coat or two of coloured lacquer paint. A postcard flower-picture can be stuck in the centre. When the gum has dried, go all over the surface with a clear varnish

Old lampshades can be renovated. First clean over the surface with a sponge rubber or some stale bread. If it is a plain shade, try hand-painting a simple flower *motif*, or if you are no artist, stick on flower sprays cut out from an old piece of wallpaper and varnish over

LANTS

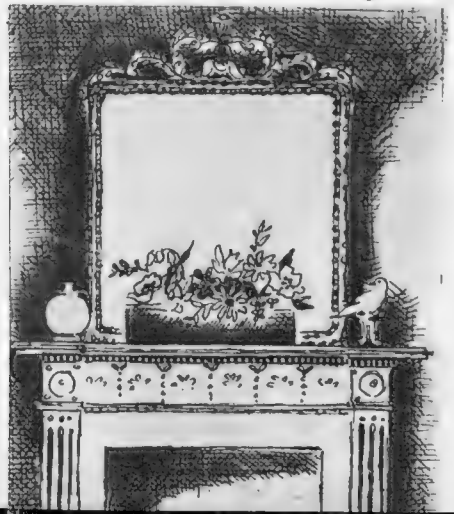
now as an antidote to winter gloom. rearrangement of the furniture, a coat or equipment. A new lampshade either is worth taking trouble about. great resources of material for these Saturday afternoon, some scraps of some satisfactory miracles.
work. Take a careful view of the Make a simple inventory of its faults and subtractions which will give you have both been needing.

Repair sagging chair-springs to ensure comfort when you relax. Strip off the worn under-canvas from the bottom of the chair and remove the broken webbing supports. Replace these with new webbing, tightly stretched to force the springs back into place. Tack down and cover with a new under-canvas. This measure is, of course, only effective when the webbing supports are worn, not when the springs themselves are broken

Arrange your fireside seating and lighting so that you achieve the maximum comfort and relaxation, and so that a good light is at your elbow whenever you are sewing or reading

One new piece of furniture, especially if it is coloured, is a stimulant to a room that has grown drab. An old nest of hanging shelves, for instance. Strip the old polish with a chemical stripper. Rub down with sandpaper and paint it with coloured cellulose enamel. Make a focal point of this new piece and see how different the room looks

The fresh-flower shortage promises a bleak winter for the home, but this simple substitute for a conventional flower scheme is effective. A box, resembling a window-box is painted and filled with sand and a combination of real foliage and good artificial flowers is arranged in it. The foliage can be changed quite frequently, but the flowers go on



In Short

Floor polish is hard to get, but what you have can be increased by melting down some candle-ends and mixing them with a little synthetic turpentine before stirring the mixture into the tin of polish, which has been previously warmed in front of the fire

Holes and tears in black-out cloth can be invisibly patched in the following way. Cut a small piece of matching material large enough to cover the tear. Soak it in boiling water, then wring it out in a strong solution of starch. (A mixture of flour and water made into a paste and diluted with very hot water will do as a substitute for starch.) Place the patch over the hole and press it down with a hot iron until it sticks

Cork table-mats that have become dirty and stained can be restored to freshness by rubbing over the surface very gently with a piece of pumice-stone. Damp the mats first and make a lather with soap if the stains are very obstinate. Dry away from direct heat. (Preferably out of doors)

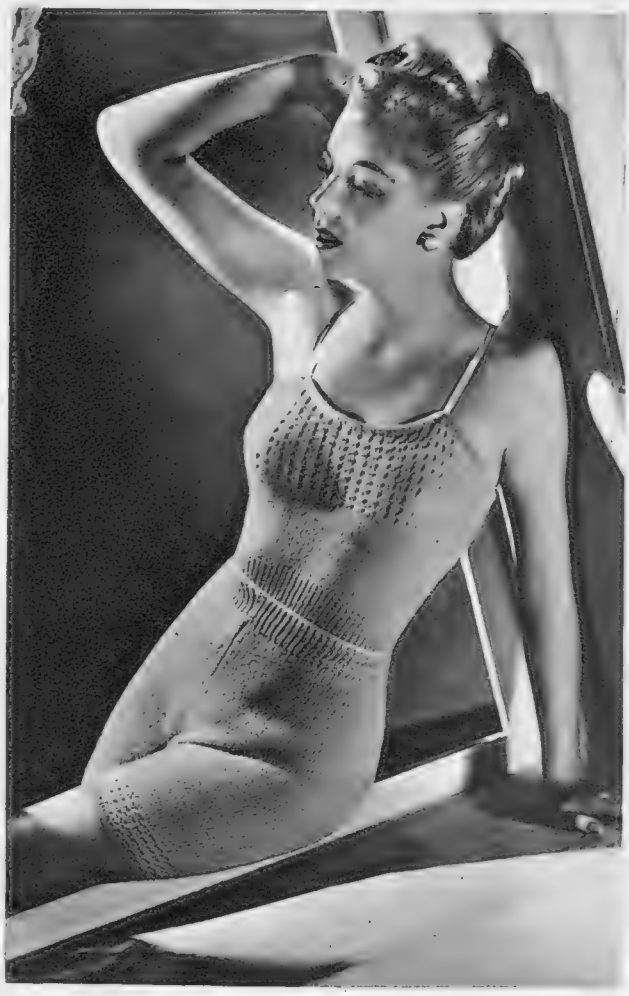
Garden tools that are not likely to be much needed during the winter months should be stored away very carefully to prevent rust and dulled cutting edges. Wipe away all traces of mud and damp and then wipe over the surface with an oily rag. Small tools should be wrapped in paper before they are laid away

Holes in the bottom of aluminium saucepans can sometimes be filled by resting the bottom of the saucepan on a hard surface and gently hammering the hole until the metal spreads and fills the hole. It is best to rest the pan on a wooden block and to use soft, repeated blows rather than hard ones, which may only increase the damage

PRETTY HATS, SILLY HATS are the one frailty left to us, our only escape from tight-stretched austerity. "It comes to this," said a high-up Wren, "if I can't wear these hats any more, I still get a kick out of seeing other women wear them." Most women in uniform feel the same. The delectable Thaarup at the left is a black felt affair, achieving one-sided height by the imaginative swathing of two shades of petunia velvet. Erik's enchanting black felt tricorne has a fly-away felt bow, black and cherry feathers.

ALL THE YEAR ROUNDERS—a scarlet or gold lightweight woollen dress, cunningly merging the severe with the slightly dressy, a perfect background for differing necklaces, dickeys, scarves, collars. Observe the elegant bracelet sleeves. From Dickens and Jones. The Alpaca tweed topcoat from Jaeger's comes in a multiplicity of coloured checks, in camel or plain colours, and is cleverly cut to take in, with comfort, the shoulders of a suit in winter. Lastly, a grey jersey jumper suit—unlined, taking fourteen coupons—to wear with a blouse as a suit, with a filet, dickey, bow or scarf cosily compact beneath a winter coat. Simpson's. These particular clothes may not be available when this issue is printed, but the shops noted should have similar merchandise on sale.

Warm Woollies . . . Vest and Pants, in a Quick, Easy Pattern, taking only Three Coupons



MATERIALS

6 oz. 3-ply Sirdar Super Shetland wool in pale pink and a little contrast colour for edges; Nos. 9 and 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

VEST.—Round bust, 33 in.; length at centre front, 22 in.; round hips, 35 in.

PANTIES.—Length, front to crutch, 13 in.; hips, 36 in.

TENSION

7 st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE VEST (Back and Front alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 120 st. in pink. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and stocking st., and work 2 in. straight. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 100 st. Work straight until side seams are 8 in. Change to No. 11 needles and k. 1, p. 1, rib for 2 in. Change to No. 9 needles and stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 110 st. Now work the following pattern for 3½ in.

1st row.—* K. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 1, repeat from * to end, ending k. 1. **2nd row.**—K. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P.

Repeat these 4 rows.

Change to contrast wool and No. 11 needles and work stocking st. for 8 rows. Cast off. (Continued on p. 67)

Pastel Sweater . . . Edged with Black Sequins, taking a Flower in your Hair for Dress-up Nights

MATERIALS

7 oz. 3-ply Ramada knitting wool in turquoise blue; 3 buttons; No. 10 needles; 1½ yd. sequin trimming or braid.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in.; length, 20 in.; sleeve seam, 4 in.

TENSION

7 st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 98 st. Work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 4 in. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 128 st. Work straight until side seams are 13 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 98 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 in. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of every row until there are 28 st. left. Cast off. Work other side the same.

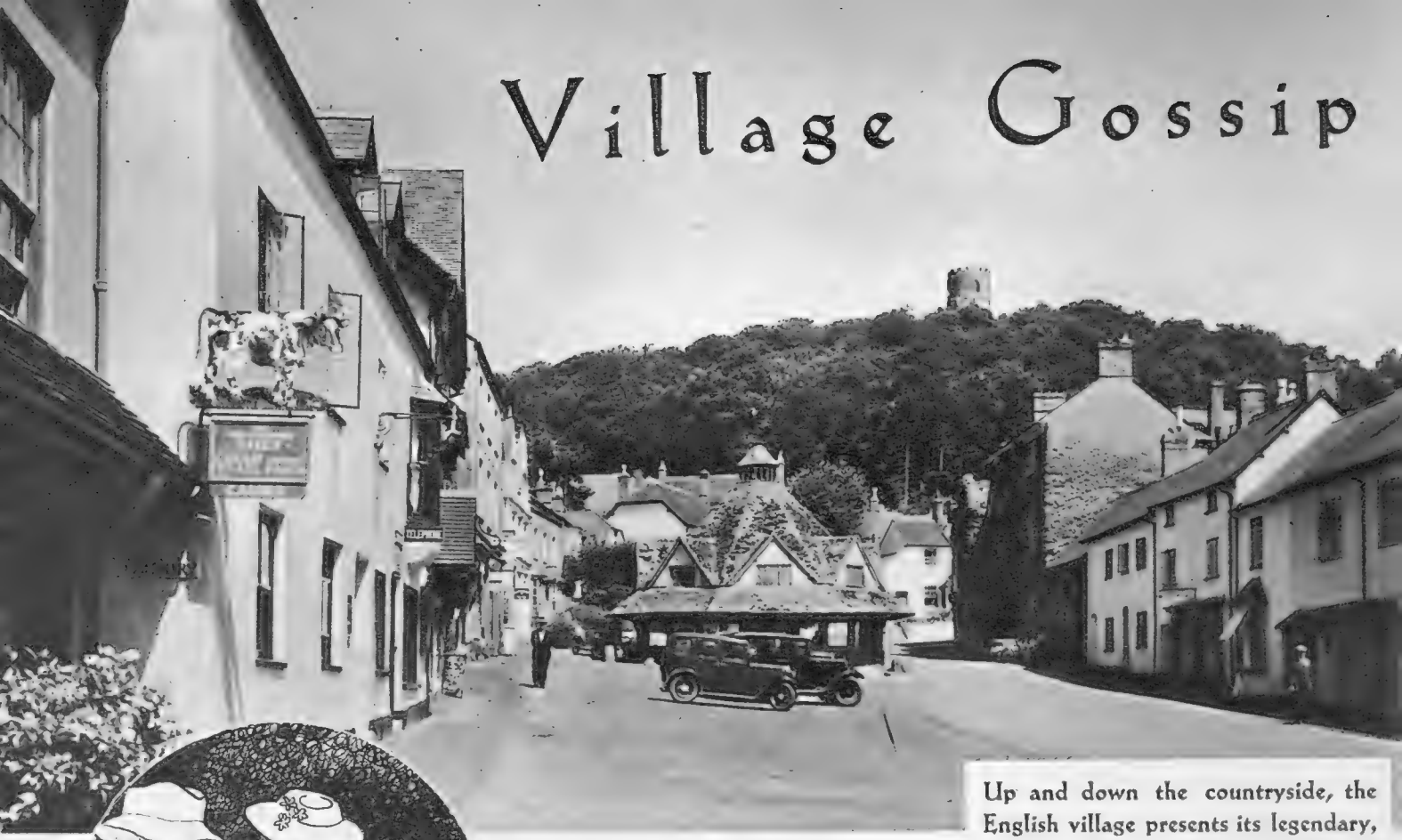
THE FRONT

Work as back until decreasing at armholes is finished. Now work on first 35 st. until armholes are 8 in. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at outside edge on every other row until there are no st. left. Leave centre 28 st. on spare needle until later, and work last 35 st. to correspond. Now work moss st. on first 17 of centre 28 st., leaving other st. (Continued on p. 67)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; wl. fwd. = wool forward.

Village Gossip



Up and down the countryside, the English village presents its legendary, tranquil beauty to a world in turmoil. This portrait of a village at war, however, typical of many villages throughout the land, reveals the active wartime purpose behind its apparently untouched serenity

THIS is gossip about a village. It isn't a village that you may even have heard of. It has beauty in great measure ; its inhabitants are people just like the people of other English villages.

To look at it, sprawling softly in a green valley, you would say : " Yes, a typical English village." The significant point is that, at a glance, you might so easily fail to discover how typical, because this village exemplifies the spirit of endeavour which can be found in hundreds of similar backwaters of England.

Here, as in these other quiet-seeming villages, one could say " you wouldn't know there was a war on," but it wouldn't be wise. Not in the presence of any inhabitant.

I will say with confidence that you could find more idle people to the square yard in any busy town than you will find to the square mile in this village.

To find the nerve-centre of activity in any English village, you look for the Women's Institute.

The W.I. was formed long before the war to provide a social and educational focus for countrywomen, and it has become a vital factor in the organisation of civilian war activities throughout the countryside. The authorities lean upon it. If there are any official chores to be done, the W.I. is always asked to officiate, and does it well.

The President of the local Women's Institute was at home in a white house at the top of a hill. The house is beautiful, serene, secluded, but it shelters one of the busiest women in England.

She is the type of English gentlewoman one could recognise in any part of the world. Grey-haired, competent, energetic in the controlled English way ; endowed with a sparkling sense of humour and utterly single-minded in her attachment to the little community to which she refers, as tenderly as if it were a child, as " my village."

Presiding over the Women's Institute is quite a job in itself, but this indefatigable woman is also Liaison Officer between the Women's Land Army and the War Agricultural Committee. She is also Assistant Chief Head Warden of the village.

" Nearly everything starts with the W.I.," she explained. " We look after the salvage ; the distribution of meat-pies ; the collection of surplus fruit and making it into jam. Then there is the knitting and the War Savings Group, and, of course, the Comforts for Troops."

You mightn't think a village could be so busy attending to these common-sounding tasks, but it is a fact that nearly every member of this small community who is abled-bodied is working as hard as conscientious civilians can.

Country housewives are busy people at any time. When your man is an agricultural worker, toiling from early until late, with Home Guard parades thrown in for good measure; when your nearest shopping-centre is some miles away and the transport system makes Shanks's pony the only form of transit; when you have land-girls billeted in your home, and fire-watching to swell the burden of your days and nights, you don't have time on your hands.

But still, these women are finding time—making time—to sort salvage, to make jam for the Institute, to knit for the troops, to collect for the Savings Group.

THE meat-pies have been a helpful contribution to the food problem in English villages since the system was inaugurated. Isolated places which have no British Restaurant have pies delivered by a catering firm once a week. Each resident is entitled to one pie per week. Again the Women's Institute is responsible for the distribution.

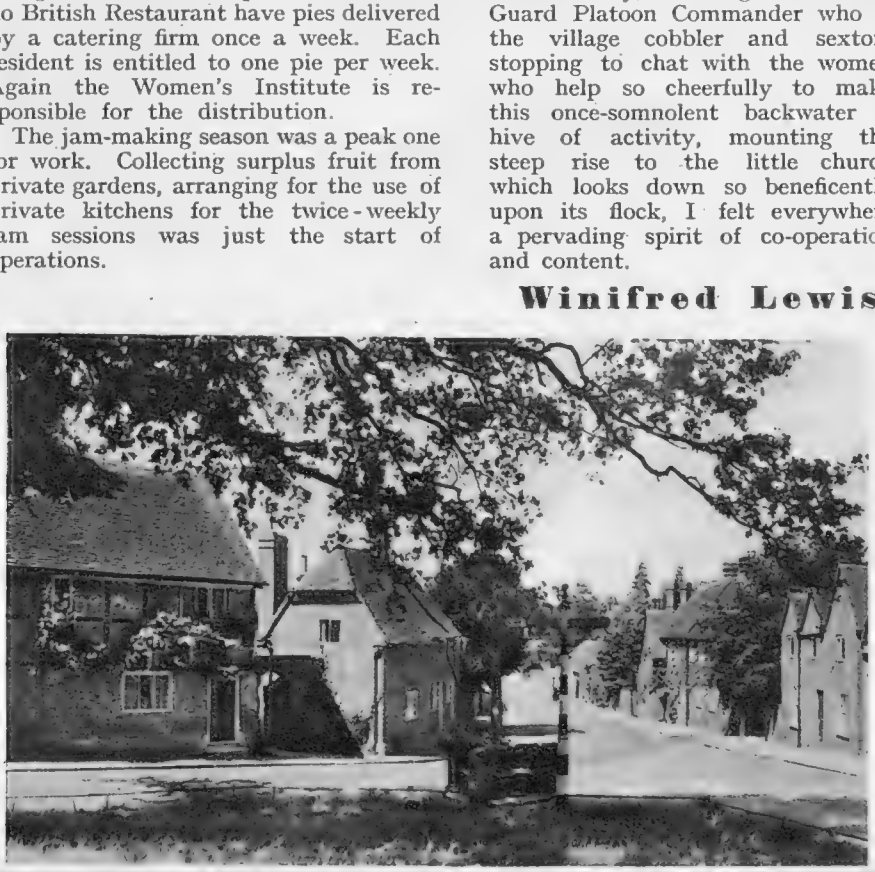
The jam-making season was a peak one for work. Collecting surplus fruit from private gardens, arranging for the use of private kitchens for the twice-weekly jam sessions was just the start of operations.

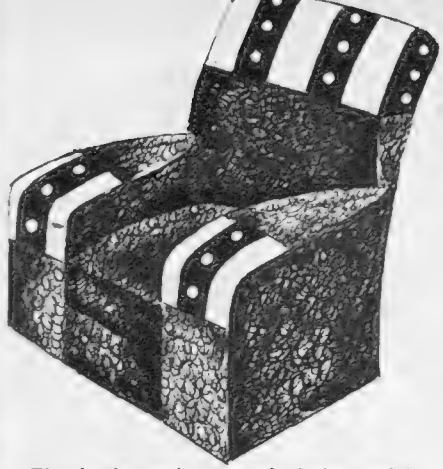
Every pound of jam made by village volunteers has to conform to exact Government standards as to yield and sugar content. No slap-dash cookery is permitted. Ministry of Food inspectors visit the Centres to check up on points, and the whole thing is conducted on a scientific basis.

I asked the President of the Women's Institute what kind of social activities the village enjoyed. "Hardly any," she said; "all our villagers are so busy that there isn't much time for relaxation. You see, many of the women are helping with domestic duties at the bigger houses, where there are no longer any servants. Others are working on the land. You see, farming always meant a lot to us here, but to-day it ranks as one of the most vital forms of war service, and we are proud of it."

As we wandered through the straggling village on this mellow autumn day, meeting the Home Guard Platoon Commander who is the village cobbler and sexton, stopping to chat with the women who help so cheerfully to make this once-somnolent backwater a hive of activity, mounting the steep rise to the little church which looks down so beneficently upon its flock, I felt everywhere a pervading spirit of co-operation and content.

Winifred Lewis





The backs and arms of chairs which have worn thin or are showing greasy stains can be concealed like this. These pieces of felt cut to fit the back and arms have contrasting-coloured stripes of another colour stitched down over them. Round holes are first punctured in the covering felt so that the background colour shows through.

Made From Felt

Felt, in its variety of pleasing colours is still obtainable and can be made into many attractive and practical things for the home.

A felt handbag with a contrasting felt flap has a thick silk cord handle, and is simply decorated with felt cut-out stars which can be stuck to the background. A ready-made bag can be given this additional trimming, too

Top right: A tea-cosy made from patchwork felt. Smaller pieces of coloured felt faggoted together are laid over a padded lining. Below the cosy is an idea for cushion-trimming. A wide stripe of coloured felt is laid in diagonally with faggoting across felt of another colour. The bow is of narrow ribbon lightly stitched at the edges

Before using any cleaning agent on a dirty or spotted garment, always try cleaning first with plain cold water. Even if this is not entirely successful, it always helps to loosen the stain before applying a solvent

(Right) Woollen garments stained with perspiration should be sponged with a mixture of warm water and vinegar in the proportion of one tablespoonful to the pint. Be careful not to saturate the material

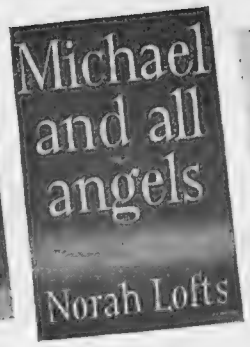
Magnesia will absorb grease spots from most woolly materials. Sprinkle it on the spot, rub it in gently, then roll up the garment and leave it overnight. Next day brush out with a soft-bristle brush

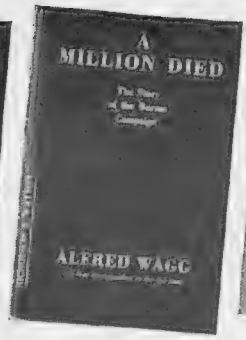
Splashes of iodine can be removed with bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Apply on a cloth and rub gently. Repeat the treatment if necessary

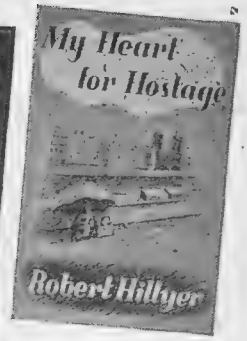
(Right) Velvet and velveteen materials which have spotted should be sprinkled with powdered pipe-clay. Leave for an hour or two and then brush gently out

Dry Clean At Home

Fur gloves can be cleaned successfully with powdered magnesia. Rub the preparation into the skin with the tips of the fingers, leave it for a few hours, and then shake vigorously to remove surplus powder







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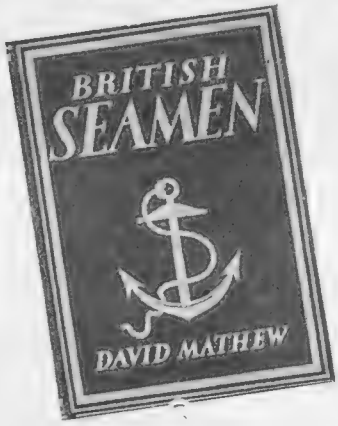
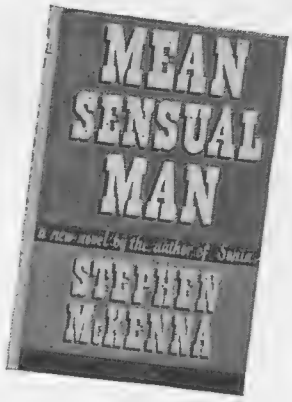




Reviewed by Trevor Allen

SUPPOSE you know, intimately, just one lovable young man who has been sacrificed in this war. Isn't his loss, while the instigators of that war go on living, a challenge to all your fundamental beliefs in God and the justice of God, and your spiritual faiths in the future? Mr. Rom Landau thinks so. His "Letter to Andrew" (Faber, 8s. 6d.) is addressed to a young R.A.F. sergeant air-gunner who "failed to return." "Is this," he asks, "the justice of a benevolent, omnipotent God? When such things are permitted, can there be a God?" All who have asked themselves kindred questions will be deeply interested in his philosophic probings into the meaning of it all, the way in which we can atone for the holocaust of youth. "While religion as the exclusive centre of our life is a practical impossibility," he believes, "it can, and ought to be, the soil from which the tree of our life can grow." A book for thoughtful people, especially those who have known the sorrow of bereavement.

WHY did we lose Burma? Mr. Alfred Wagg, U.S. correspondent in that campaign, concludes: Because the Japs combined mobility with infiltration. "The Jap was a more dangerous enemy when we weren't in actual contact with him than when we were fighting even a delaying action." He had a lighter mortar than our heavy three-inch; a slow-falling parachute bomb to burst on impact with a tree top, which our Air Force lacked; coloured smoke signals, raft-making gadgets, life-belts, handcarts which our troops had not; in short, his tactics and gear were better adapted to jungle country. Mr. Wagg's "A Million Died" (Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) is a vivid, detailed account of the fighting, the Burmese people, and the racial problems we have to resolve in liberating this lost land.

I FORGET the title of a first-rate British film of a few years ago which gave us the humours and dramas in a troopship homebound from the East, but I am reminded of its strong human appeal by Mr. Michael Harrison's "Reported Safe Arrival" (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.) which might almost be the same ex-luxury liner heading East again with a load of troops in this war. The author, an R.E., himself sailed to the Middle East, so there can be no doubt of the authenticity of the Army life aboard which he now recounts with such gusto. Here we get the happier side of "join the Army and see the world," despite the difficulties of hammocks, feeding, fatigues, and wrestling with equipment. Its spirit is very much that of the holiday tripper shouting: "Any more for the 'Skylark'?"

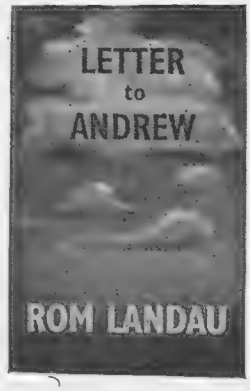
Hearts Of Oak

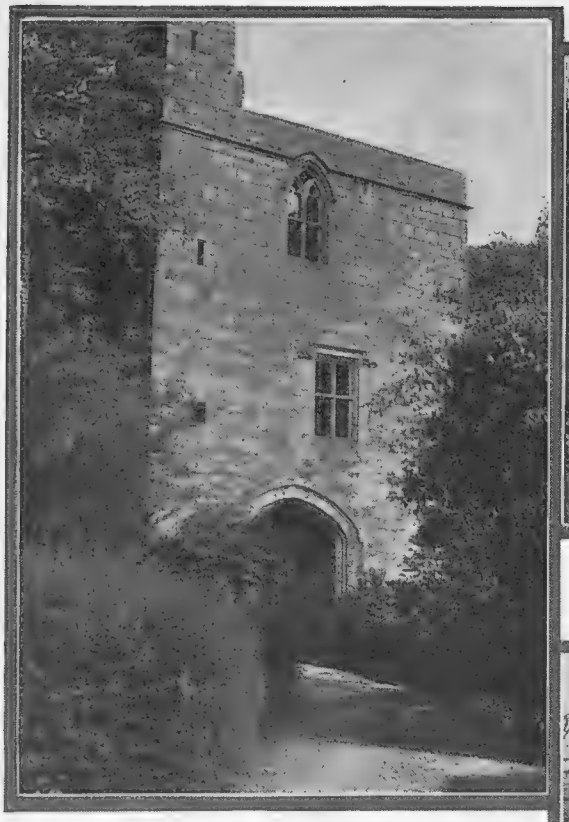
COLLINS, 4s. 6d. "Britain in Pictures" series, with its concise letterpress and reproductions of old pictures and prints in colour and black and white, stands unique in wartime publishing. What better reminder could we have of the heritage we guard? One of the latest, **"British Seamen,"** is by Bishop David Mathew, who served as a midshipman in the *Tiger* during the last war, and is descended from a famous admiral. In brief perspective, he outlines naval development, outstanding engagements and personalities, from Francis Drake's time to our own. A few words suffice to "limn the man," as in these about Rodney: "He was a fine and in some ways a brilliant officer, immersed in politics and the life of society, ridden with gout, extravagant, easy in his morals and with a bland remote courtesy which could infuriate." The illustrations form a pageant of the ages through which broadsides roar and noted admirals parade in their glory. I shall present my copy to a Wren and say: "Behold your honoured ancestry!"

A VOYAGE of another ilk—in an open boat after a torpedoing in the Atlantic—is the starting point of a novel by J. D. Beresford and Esme Wynne-Tyson: "Men in the Same Boat" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). There is the inevitable fight against thirst, hunger, exposure, with flashbacks to the past lives of the little band of survivors; but the authors lift an unfamiliar veil by showing us—sensitively and naturally—the reincarnated spirit lives of those who perish and "pass over." The plain seaman, for instance, revisits his home town with his wife, who was killed in an air raid. Everything is as it was, and yet dream-different. Psychics will be specially interested in this second part of the story, and see in it a sympathetic reflection of their beliefs concerning the "other side." The Beresford touch means sure writing and an intelligent treatment of spiritual ideas.

WHAT a master of political and social background is Mr. Stephen McKenna! He takes the anxious months just prior to the war and those up to the blitz in "Mean Sensual Man" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), weaving into them the story of James Lydford, editor of an important weekly review, and its owner, Vivienne, daughter of a steel magnate. Lydford, frustrated, unfulfilled, despite a baronetcy, wants her completely, not merely as a lover. As an undergraduate he saved her from drowning. But she married Sir George Rainham, and for the children's sake will not marry again after his death. Lydford has to have an affair—and a child—with another woman, Edna, and Vivienne becomes poor through the bombing of the family's steelworks, before the tangle is straightened out and he can show he was not by choice the average sensual male his friends supposed. A sound, satisfying tale of our times for readers who want a meal, not a snack.

I DON'T know if irate wives, in vicious moments, ever dream of being in a position to employ their husbands as odd-job men and "teach 'em a lesson." That is what happens to James Slade in Mr. Warwick Deeping's "Slade" (Cassell, 9s. 6d.) when he emerges from a seven-year stretch for (*Continued on page* 54)





Marmion Tower gatehouse, West Tanfield, Uredale. Scott's "Marmion" made it famous

The Elizabethan hall at Hawksworth, Yorkshire, which figures in W. Riley's novel "Windyridge"

(Below) Temple Newsham, Leeds. Some authorities believe it to be the Templestowe of Scott's "Ivanhoe"

Homes in Fiction

Written and Illustrated

By Arthur Gaunt

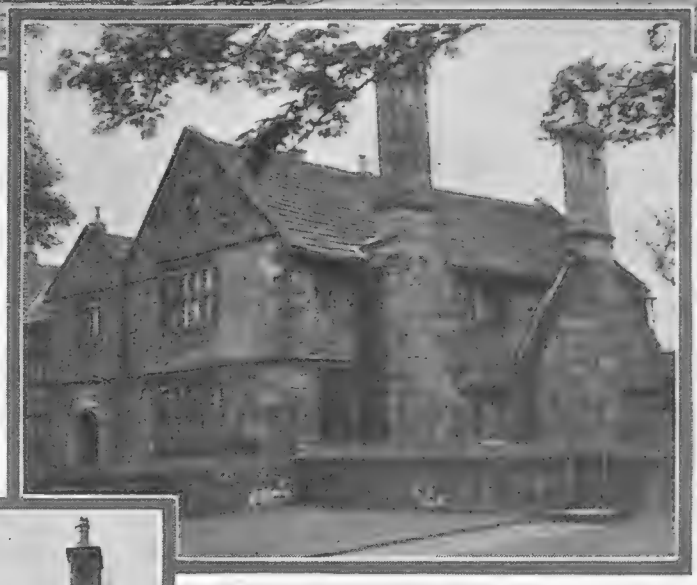
THE introduction of real places into fiction is an idea that has been adopted by many novelists, and houses and mansions in various parts of Britain have thereby been given literary interest. We can derive additional enjoyment from the works of leading authors, indeed, if we are aware of the real-life settings of the stories.

The Brontë sisters made free use of old halls as scenes for romances, and they did not confine their choice entirely to the neighbourhood of the Haworth parsonage. When Charlotte penned *Shirley*, she brought Oakwell Hall, Birstall, near Leeds, into the story, but re-named the house Fieldhead. The property, now in public ownership, has changed little since it begat literary importance—nor, in fact, since it was built in the sixteenth century.

In the eighteenth century, this manor house was tenanted by an eccentric owner who employed an equally eccentric huntsman, known as Old Amos. Over the servant's tomb in Birstall churchyard is a stone which was kept for years at Oakwell Hall, and which bears the following strange epitaph:

This is to the memory of Old Amos,
Who was, when alive, for hunting famous.
But now his chases are all o'er,
And here he's earth'd at years four score.
Upon this stone he's often sat
And tried to read his epitaph.
And thou who dost so at this moment.
Shalt, ere long, lie somewhat dormant.

Quite near Birstall Church is another house which figures in the Brontë novels. Known as The Rydings, it became Thornfield Hall when Charlotte described it in *Jane Eyre*. It is believed, however, that she produced her graphic pen-pictures by also introducing descriptions of Norton Conyers, another Tudor mansion, near Ripon, and that Thornfield Hall is a combination of these two notable homes.



Oakwell Hall, Birstall, Yorkshire. It is the Fieldhead in Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley"

This house at Cowan Bridge between Ingleton and Kirkby Lonsdale, appears in "Jane Eyre" as Lowood School

The number of houses associated with the Brontë novels is, indeed, fairly large, and they are to be found over a considerable area. At Cowan Bridge, between Ingleton and Kirkby Lonsdale, stands the original Lowood

(*Continued on page* 68)

What Is Home Without A Maid?

Countless dauntless housewives are making a fine job of running it solo. These ideas for saving time, trouble and temper are well worth carrying forward into the homes of to-morrow

Kitchen Cuts

Keep a dredger filled with ready-seasoned flour for all those occasions when the book says: "Mix flour, pepper, and salt and roll in it . . ."

Have a pair of scissors at the ready for cutting fish fins, skin between sausages, bacon rinds, greens, etc.

Instead of chopping suet, *roll* it out with a well-floured pastry-board and rolling-pin.

Use porridge pan, unwashed, for mixing rissoles, fish-cakes, stuffing—anything that needs binding.

Grated vegetables, instead of chopped, make nicer soup in half the cooking time.

Boiled apple pudding (or any other fruit): instead of lining basin with crust, just pat suet crust into a round and plonk on top of fruit. Saves greasing basin, covering with cloth, using pastry-board and roller. Cooks in half an hour instead of two hours.

A whole stale loaf, plunged into cold water and then into oven until well dry, comes out just like new bread. Good, too, eaten hot with butter.

Mending Manoeuvres

Pull hairs from own head—or someone else's—for mending tears in tweeds—strong, elastic, invisible.

Darn socks diagonally across the knitting instead of up and down.

Patch heavy cloths and tweeds invisibly by cutting a patch from an underseam or under a pocket, big enough to fray out about 1 in. all round; tack in place and darn in each frayed thread—run the needle in and out first and then thread it.

Laundry Lighteners

Soak handkerchiefs overnight in well-salted water and they can be washed without boiling.

Use rain water from the tub, heated (but not hotted) on stove, for silk stockings and woollens.

Hang out clothes turned inside out so that seams dry. And if anything blows on to ground, tragedy is lessened.

Babies' napkins stay a better colour and last longer washed with no soap at all when only damp. Soak in cold water for at least half an hour, rinse in more cold water and hang out. No risk of sore babies, saves time and trouble, and, would you believe it, soap.

Put basket on wheelbarrow or pram to save tiring stooping *and* a surprising amount of time.

Use a sugar sifter, old talc tin, or such like filled with water for damping.

For ironing, sit on a high stool or its equivalent in terms of chair and encyclopædias. Takes weight off feet and throws it into ironing.

Fold large items such as pyjama trousers, nightdresses, before ironing, and press in one fell swoop.

House Hints

Keep a bucket of water with a handful of washing soda dissolved in it for sprinkling on the coal in scuttle. Burns more slowly and makes less soot—a big point when chimney sweeps are a dying race.

Put ordinary bricks at side of sitting room fire as hobs for simmering kettles and pots.

To keep table silver dazzling without polishing, always plunge out of the washing-up water into bowl of very hot water and dry while still piping hot from this.

Use a shoe brush for putting polish on floors. Quicker and the polish goes on to floor instead of half into cloth.

Beauty Benefits

When dishing-up spinach, greens, etc., pour some of the water into a glass to drink as soon as cool enough, for the sake of a good clear vitamin C complexion.

Keep a sprinkler bottle with a mixture of a tablespoonful milk and a tablespoonful vinegar by the sink to remove stains after doing vegetables. For potato stains rub hands with inside of pea.

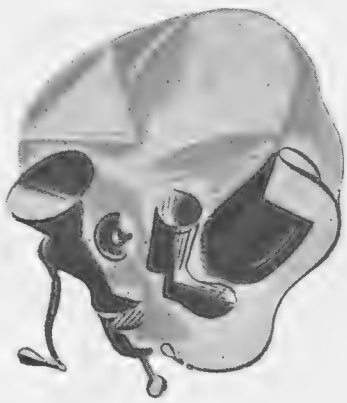
Rub soap over hands and into finger-nails before gardening or other very dirty jobs. Dries and leaves a protective film.

Keep potato water each day for skin cleanser and tonic.

Nursery Notions

Avoid Tedious Job No. 1—sieving tiny children's vegetables—by mincing them instead.

Put baby's clothes into the bath water when he vacates it. Come back to them when he is bedded, by which time clothes only need a quick rub in the dirtiest places and a rinse out in the basin.



For the first worst month or two of napkins, line them with a small square of cellulose wadding—very cheap—which you burn. No stains, then, to deal with.

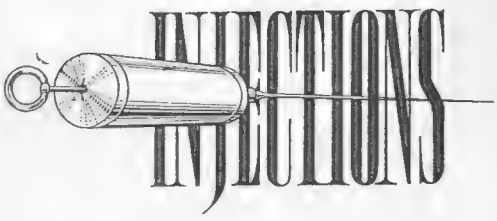
If no play-pen or no room for play-pen, tether crawling baby by its pram harness and a dog lead to the table leg.

Health and Beauty

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

A baby is injected against diphtheria (*left*). A diphtheria patient is injected with saline treatment (*right*)



AT the present rate of advancement in the sphere of sera and vaccines, it will soon be possible to rule out numbers of the old diseases that used to be a scourge from time to time.

It is possible for you to rule out winter colds right now, if you will only take the trouble to have a series of injections from your doctor to prevent colds. And you can have a series of injections to lessen your likelihood of suffering a catarrhal winter. Employers should insist on all staffs being injected to prevent that awful time-waste caused by colds.

Diphtheria and smallpox have been deleted from the list of common dreads in so far as people are willing to have their children made immune. Few babies pass the age of two or three months without being made immune to smallpox (a disease that we now sometimes think of as so unusual that the vaccination seems superfluous—whereas at one time every one had a pockmark or two to show their good fortune in recovering from the disease. Still fewer children pass the age of one without having injection to immunise them against diphtheria.

There are other innumerable diseases that are now having their grip on the world weakened by injections. Scarlet fever, typhoid, tetanus are a few of the most common. The whole question of vaccines revolves around the well-known fact that if you have certain catching complaints when you are a child you are not likely to be susceptible to the same illness again. The germs that your blood has to fight during your illness are all killed, but the force of anti-toxins that was created to fight the germs, remains like a standing army ever on guard to combat the first signs of the same germs again. These vaccines that create anti-toxins and thus immunise your blood against the germs of the disease are called prophylactic or disease-preventing. Other vaccines and sera are used to treat the disease once it has been contracted.

Sera are parts of the blood of animals—generally horses—who have been injected with the disease slightly and therefore have the anti-toxins as well as the toxins in their blood.

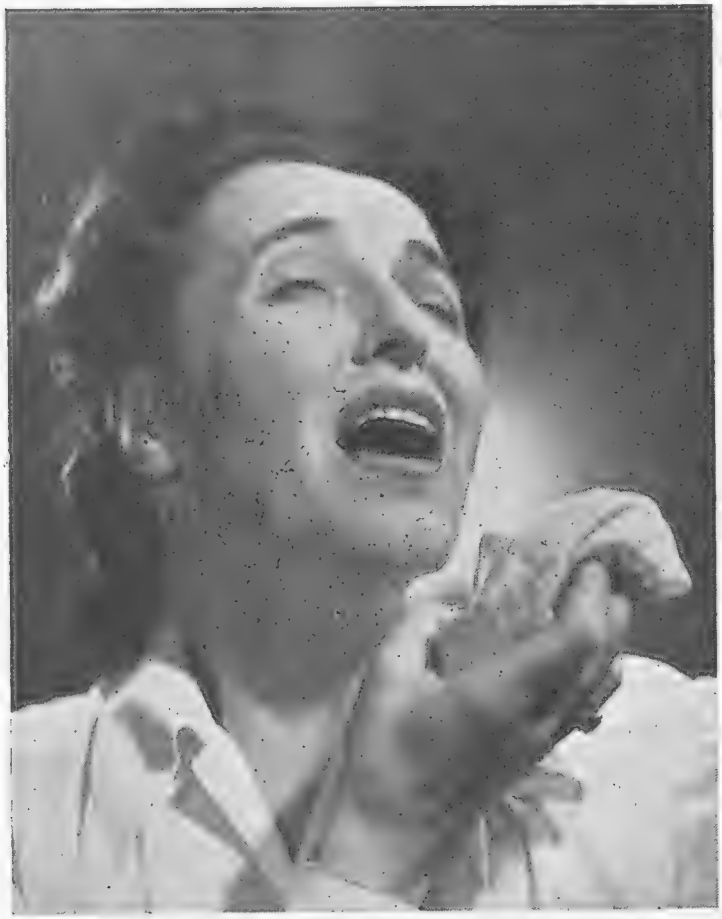
Sera are always injected; sometimes into a vein, a muscle or under the skin—dependent on the type of serum and the effect needed.

It is a serum which is injected in the anti-diphtheria treatment. Incidentally, the horse does not suffer any ill effects from his mild dose of diphtheria. All sera can be used as treatment for the disease after it has been contracted, because they fortify the blood's fighting forces for that disease. Some sera are also prophylactic, such as the diphtheria one.

When the serum is curative, that is to say, can be used in treatment of the contracted illness, it is injected into the body as soon as the patient's illness is recognised.

In all cases where wounds are contaminated by dirt, or there is the slightest fear that they have been, an anti-tetanus serum is injected into the patient immediately as a safety measure, although there is every chance in the world that the patient has not contracted tetanus.

In the serving forces, immunisation faces all new recruits. Injections are usually repeated once each year during service, and further necessary injections are given preparative to going overseas. This has greatly helped the general health of the Services by defending it against the dangers of various epidemics. It is quite likely that the horrible plague of influenza that followed the last war could have been more than halved in intensity if certain injections had been more fully understood then.



It is possible to rule out your winter cold now

Beauty

Whether or not your bathroom cabinet or dressing-table is laden with beauty preparations, there is one nature-given aid to beauty that no one should ignore. It is rain.

You should never wash your face in anything else—and you should also use it exclusively for your shampoos. The softness of the rainwater prevents any soap remaining like a white film in your hair, it leaves it soft and lustrous.

If you comb and set your hair with water, rainwater is by far the best for it. If you want to keep working

Exercising In Secret

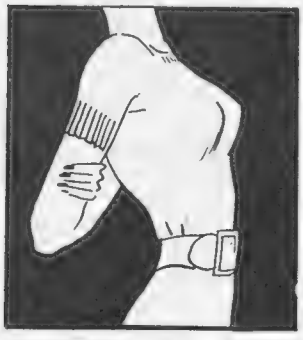
Privacy is a thing of pre-war vintage. The number of women who write to say that they cannot exercise because they are in the Army, or sharing digs or sharing a room with some blitzed relative, make it necessary to unearth those exercises which can be done secretly. Of course there are few people who cannot get a moment or two in the bathroom, so don't use these exercises if you can possibly work other more energetic ones, but if you are stumped and must improve that figure, here are the places that can be treated surreptitiously

Eyes

You are reading, or working at something close to your eyes; stop for a moment and look out the window to the most distant object in your view. Look at it concentratedly for a minute and then return to the close-up. Repeat this long and short distance several times each day, blinking in between. Keeping the head still, roll the eyes, gaze from side to side, look up, look down, look N.E., S.W., N.W., S.E.

Chin

Instead of the old elbows on table, chin on hands posture, make those hands into a ridge of clasped knuckles and rest the double chin on them; then with chin held up, and shoulders straight, chest forward, rock your head slowly from side to side. It may look like some new annoying mannerism, but no one will guess (unless they have read this too) that you are letting knuckles massage away double chin, and exercising the neck as well.



Bust

Fold your arms behind your back, and then slightly raise first one shoulder and then the other, keeping your chin well back all the time.

Or, lying in bed arms clasped over your head on the pillow, push first one elbow and then the other away from your head; if you do it correctly you should feel the chest muscles working. Whether sitting, standing or walking, always hold the bosom up high, on a stretched diaphragm.

Waist

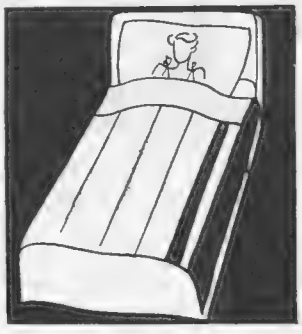
Make it a regular accident to drop a tin of hairpins, or a packet of cigarettes and bend from the waist to pick them up. Whenever there is anything on the floor that needs picking up, keep knees straight and do a toe-touching bend to pick up. But only do this inside your own quarters because it isn't a particularly lady-like attitude, especially in service skirts.

Ankles

Get the sitting-on-the-table habit, even if it does mean you won't be married this year. Maybe you won't ever be married if those ankles don't get slimmer.

So sit on the table and swing your legs from the knee—you can do it for hours and it does help the ankles.

Point the toe as you swing the leg outward, straighten as you come in.



All-over

This is just a general figure former and posture helper. Lie perfectly straight in bed, on your back, and arms at side; stretch first the left leg as far down as possible, then relax it into normal position, then stretch the right leg. Alternate the leg stretching, but let the stretch be felt down your whole side each time.

If you want to help your figure as you sleep, don't curl up into a catlike ball, but sleep with legs straight and body straight, on back, with head turned first to one side and then the other.

from Heaven

hands nice, a good lather in rainwater will prevent the roughness that hard tap-water brings. Nails manicure better if soaked in soapy rainwater beforehand. A complete tub of rainwater is a delight in the smooth silkiness of its softness. With a dash of bath salts you feel as though you are in some marvellous all-over beauty treatment.

But every one can, and should, have rainwater for their faces and for their hair. It will not make you beautiful if you are plain; it will not produce a lily-white skin; but if the hard water has caused your skin to become dry and lose its softness, rainwater will bring that softness back.

Hips

From now on make the floor your most preferred sitting place. During those long evening talks brush yourself a nice clean place on the floor (without a cushion, but a spot of carpet won't hurt) and sit with your tail on the hardness of the floor clasping your knees in your arms. Rock backwards and forwards rhythmically, and, if you can manage it, from side to side. In the backward and forward movement, your feet will leave the floor while you go back and return to the floor as you come forward. You will feel the pressure on those bulging places and know that it is a form of massage working the bumps off. Sit with hands clasping ankles and rock if the bulge is fairly low. Anyhow, once you get on the floor you will be able to feel where you are treating the superfluous and adjust it accordingly.

LEMON PANCAKES

CHOCOLATE CREAM MOULD

SWEETS

All recipes given are for four persons, unless otherwise stated

COFFEE CREAM

Mix half a tin of sweetened condensed milk with enough water to make a pint; add 2 tablespoonfuls of coffee essence. Bring three-quarters of the pint to the boil and mix the remainder with 4 heaped dessertspoonfuls of custard powder. Add the two lots together, bring once more to the boil, stirring continuously for about a minute, then turn out and leave to cool. Whisk well before serving.

CHOCOLATE CREAM MOULD

Weigh out 5 oz. of sweetened chocolate powder into a bowl; add, very slowly, 1 pint of household milk, stirring continuously with a wooden spoon until all lumps have disappeared. Heat the mixture in a double saucepan and, when warm, add 1½ leaves of gelatine already dissolved in a little water. Strain into a mould and leave to set.

SEMOLINA CAKES

Boil the semolina as for an ordinary pudding, taking 4 cupfuls of milk to 1 of semolina. Sweeten to taste, and leave until cold in a baking tin. Cut the cake into squares, roll each piece in flour, then in milk, and finally in breadcrumbs. Have ready 1 tablespoonful of melted and very hot lard in a frying pan, and brown the squares rapidly on both sides. Serve hot with jam or stewed fruit.

STEAMED OAT PUDDING

Rub 2 oz. of margarine or lard in 4 oz. of medium oatmeal, adding a pinch of salt and a few drops of lemon essence. Roll the mixture between the hands into the shape of a sausage and wrap it in a clean cloth. Tie the ends of the cloth and place it in boiling water. It will be ready after 1½ hours. Serve with golden syrup.

APPLE SHAPE

Melt 1 leaf of gelatine in a little water, and grate, without peeling, enough eating apples to fill 2 breakfastcups. Put the apple in a mould, add the melted gelatine and a few drops of orange essence, and leave in a cool place until set. Serve very cold with a—

VANILLA SAUCE

Take 3 dried eggs (reconstituted) and mix with 2 oz. of sugar and a teaspoonful of flour. Pour over 1 pint of milk (household),

STEWS

FISH STEW

Wash and peel 4 medium-sized potatoes, 2 large leeks, 2 large carrots, and 1 turnip. Cut them into small pieces. Boil the carrots and the turnip first; when nearly cooked add the leeks, and 10 minutes later the potatoes. Leave for a further 10 minutes. Strain, keeping the water in which to cook the fish. Any fish fillets will do, but cod or smoked haddock is perhaps the best. When the fish is ready, remove from the stock, cut into strips and put in a casserole with the vegetables. Make a sauce with 3 cupfuls of the stock, 2 oz. of margarine and 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour, and, if available, the juice of 1 tomato. Salt and pepper to taste. Cover the fish and vegetables with the sauce, and leave in a medium oven for 15 minutes.

BACON AND CABBAGE

Remove the outer leaves from 1 large cabbage and cut the heart into thin slices; put into boiling water, and when the water comes to the boil again, strain off, keeping back ½ cupful of the water. Mix it with 1 meat cube. While the cabbage is draining off over a sieve, grease a fireproof dish and cut the rind off 9 rashers of bacon. Lay a layer of cabbage in the dish followed by a layer of bacon and topped with another layer of cabbage. Lightly salt the Oxo and water, and pour it over the dish; place 1 large nut of lard on top of the cabbage and cover with the outer leaves previously removed. Leave for 1½ hours on the top shelf of a medium oven. This dish can easily be made one day and re-heated the next. Remove the large leaves before serving.

SAUSAGE MEAT CASSEROLE

Roll ½ lb. sausage meat into small balls and fry them until nice and brown. Put them in a fire-proof dish and cover them with a brown sauce made of 3 cupfuls of strong Oxo, 1 dessertspoonful vinegar, chopped herbs, 2 oz.

hot, but not boiling. Reheat over a very low fire, stirring continuously, and as soon as it begins to thicken, remove, flavour with a few drops of vanilla essence, and wait until cold before serving.

PEANUT DESSERT

Melt 4 tablespoonfuls of peanut butter in 1 pint of milk (household) over a low fire; the milk may be sweetened with golden syrup to taste instead of sugar. Mix (off the fire) 2 dessertspoonfuls of custard powder with 1 of soya flour in a little cold milk until a paste-like consistency is obtained, then pour the boiling milk and peanut butter over it, stirring vigorously. Boil for a further five minutes, stirring all the time, and serve cold.

LEMON CREAM PANCAKES

Make as many thin pancakes as possible, frying them only on one side, out of 1 cupful of milk, 1 of flour, and 2 dried eggs (reconstituted). Have ready the following cream: put 4 level dessertspoonfuls of custard powder in a saucepan and mix in gradually 1 pint of milk (household). Bring slowly to the boil stirring all the time. Remove from the fire, and add 6 level dessertspoonfuls of lemon powder. Arrange, in a fireproof dish, one pancake on top of the next—uncooked side uppermost—with a layer of cream between each. Leave in a medium oven for 5 to 10 minutes and serve either in the same dish or turned out on a plate.

ELDERBERRY MOULD

This is a recipe for those who live in the country, for elderberries are rarely to be found in the shops, but should there be any late blackberries this year they may be used instead.

Pick a good-sized basket full of the fruit and pass it through a sieve. For each cupful of the pulp allow 2 tablespoonfuls of semolina and 1 oz. of sugar. Bring the pulp and the sugar to the boil, add the semolina, stirring all the time, and then leave it gently simmering until it thickens. Transfer the mixture to a mould and turn it out when cold.

Harriet Muir

CABBAGE AND BACON CASSEROLE

A stew is one of the best ways of finishing up odd pieces of meat, fish or game which are too few to make a meal in themselves; of course, if you are lucky enough to get a rabbit, or haven't eaten up all your bacon ration, it is too easy

of margarine or lard and three dessertspoonfuls of flour. Leave in the oven for 10 minutes and serve with mashed potatoes or plain boiled rice.

MUTTON STEW

Wash, peel, and cut into very thin slices 2 large carrots and 2 parsnips; fry in fat sufficient to cover the vegetables. When almost tender, add 2 chopped onions and the meat cut into small squares. As the onions brown, add 2 dessertspoonfuls flour; mix well and leave for 5 minutes before adding 2 cupfuls water, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, and then transfer to a fireproof dish in the oven and leave for a further 10 minutes. Boiled potatoes and cauliflower go well with this dish.

RABBIT STEW

Cut the rabbit into portions and put them in boiling water for ¾ hour. After 15 minutes add whatever vegetables are in season, except potatoes, which are nicer served separately. While the vegetables are cooking, prepare the following sauce: Melt 2 oz. of margarine and mix in well 1 level dessertspoonful mustard and 2 of flour; pour over 1 pint of the rabbit stock and bring to the boil, stirring until the required thickness is obtained. Turn out the rabbit and vegetables into a casserole (the vegetables should be quite tender), pour over the sauce, and leave in a medium oven for 10 minutes.

BEEF GULASH

Cut ½ lb raw beef into slices and put them into a frying-pan with 1 oz lard. When still rather underdone, add 1 chopped leek and leave until browned. Then mix into the fat 1 teaspoonful paprika, 1 teaspoonful flour and 1 cupful water. Cover the pan with a saucepan lid and allow to simmer. Meanwhile, mix 1 tablespoonful melted margarine with 1 of flour, 1 dried egg (reconstituted), and a pinch of salt. Shape the paste into balls about the size of a plum and drop them into boiling salted water. Leave for 10 minutes, remove, add to the meat and serve. Mashed potatoes go best with this dish.

BREAKFASTS

ANCHOVY SCRAMBLED EGGS

Use milk instead of water when mixing the dried eggs, and take 1 egg per person. Add 1 tablespoonful breadcrumbs and proceed as usual for scrambled eggs. When ready, add 1 dessertspoonful anchovy essence.

TOASTED OATS

Grease slightly a baking tin and cover the bottom with coarse oatmeal. Leave it in a medium oven for ½ hour, shaking the tin from time to time so as to obtain even toasting. Serve with sugar and milk.

OAT PANCAKES

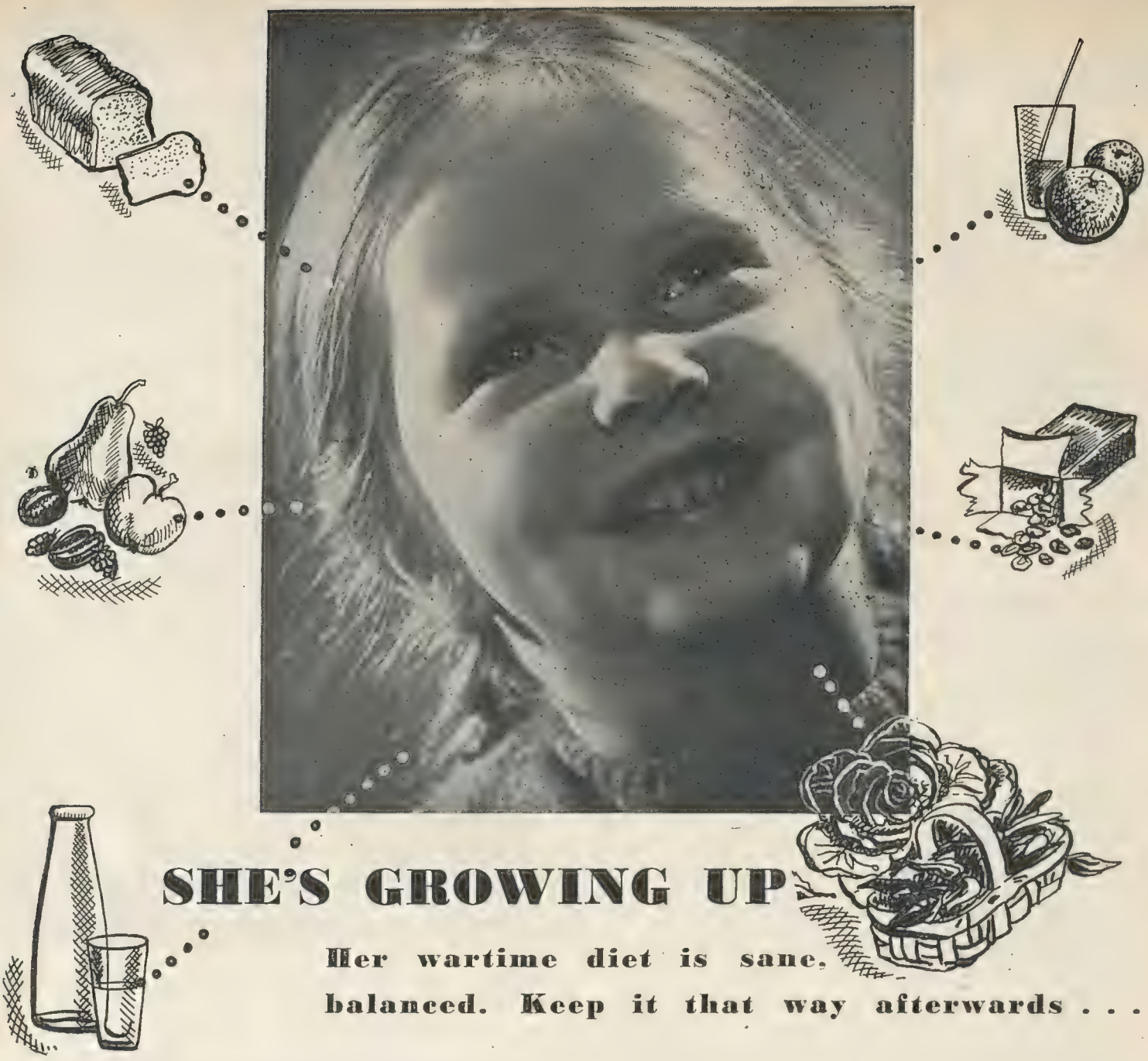
Mix 1 cupful fine oatmeal with ½ cupful flour; make a hole in the middle and add gradually, stirring all the time, 1½ cupfuls milk (household) and 2 dried eggs (reconstituted). Make the pancakes as usual; only rather thicker, and serve sprinkled with toasted oats or chopped bacon.

FISH AND RICE

Have ready a white sauce made with 1 oz. margarine, one dessertspoonful flour and 1 cupful milk (or one cupful strong fish stock). Throw 2 oz. rice into boiling, salted water, and leave for 10 minutes. Strain off, and wash in plenty of boiling water to prevent the rice from becoming sticky. (The best way to do this is to have the rice in a colander and throw a large saucepanful of boiling water over it.) Mix the rice with the white sauce and add any odd pieces of fish you may have left over from the previous day.

BACON RISSOLES

Chop 1 rasher of bacon into small pieces and mix them with 2 tablespoonfuls mashed potatoes. Roll in the form of a sausage and fry until nicely browned all over.



SHE'S GROWING UP

Her wartime diet is sane, balanced. Keep it that way afterwards . . .

SOME children are fat without being hearty eaters, as others continue to be thin on a liberal diet, which goes to show that the quantity of food we eat is not the all-important factor in the question of nourishment.

So much progress has been made in recent years in our understanding of dietary that this fact is now widely understood. All the same, many parents would be shocked, still, at the suggestion that their children whom they supposed to be well fed are, in fact, undernourished.

Our wartime diet, has, so far, improved the nation's health, particularly in the case of growing children. The reason for this is that official restrictions, most carefully based upon scientific principles of nutrition, have produced a balanced diet which is proving beyond dispute that the amount we eat is not necessarily an indication of the nourishment provided.

After the war, when the days of good feeding, as we call them, are back again, it will be a thousand pities if the lessons we have learned are forgotten and the old indiscriminate eating is allowed to return, because there is no doubt that there were far too many undernourished children in well-fed families.

This was due to diets too heavily loaded with starch, deficient in milk and the protective vitamins contained in raw fruit juices, green vegetables and wholemeal bread and cereals.

The result of this unbalanced eating could be seen in loss of weight, anæmia, an abnormal susceptibility to infections and colds, in severe cases of stunted growth and later, perhaps, in a marked inability to progress at school.

Sometimes the cause is traceable to some functional idiosyncrasy. The child's diet may not be entirely at fault, but some irregularity of the digestion may be short-circuiting the system, as it were. In this case only professional diagnosis can detect the trouble and prescribe a suitable treatment.

The thin and nervy type of child is an example of the kind who frequently eats well and is still undernourished. In fact the child may eat too heartily for his digestive mechanism. The bulk of the food passes out of the system without being assimilated. This type frequently bolts his food, a nervous habit which, if patiently corrected, often brings rapid and dramatic improvement in weight and general signs of good nourishment.

Growing hard, studying hard, using up every ounce of nervous and physical energy at sport and school work, growing boys and girls walk constantly with the threat of undernourishment unless the diet keeps pace with the ever growing demands of the body.

Milk is the complete food. The absolute minimum to be aimed at for every child is one pint a day. More is advisable when possible. Older children need it as much as younger ones, but this fact is often overlooked when boys and girls pass the stage of infancy. Even though they may eat heartily, milk is still essential and should be served as often as possible with meals.

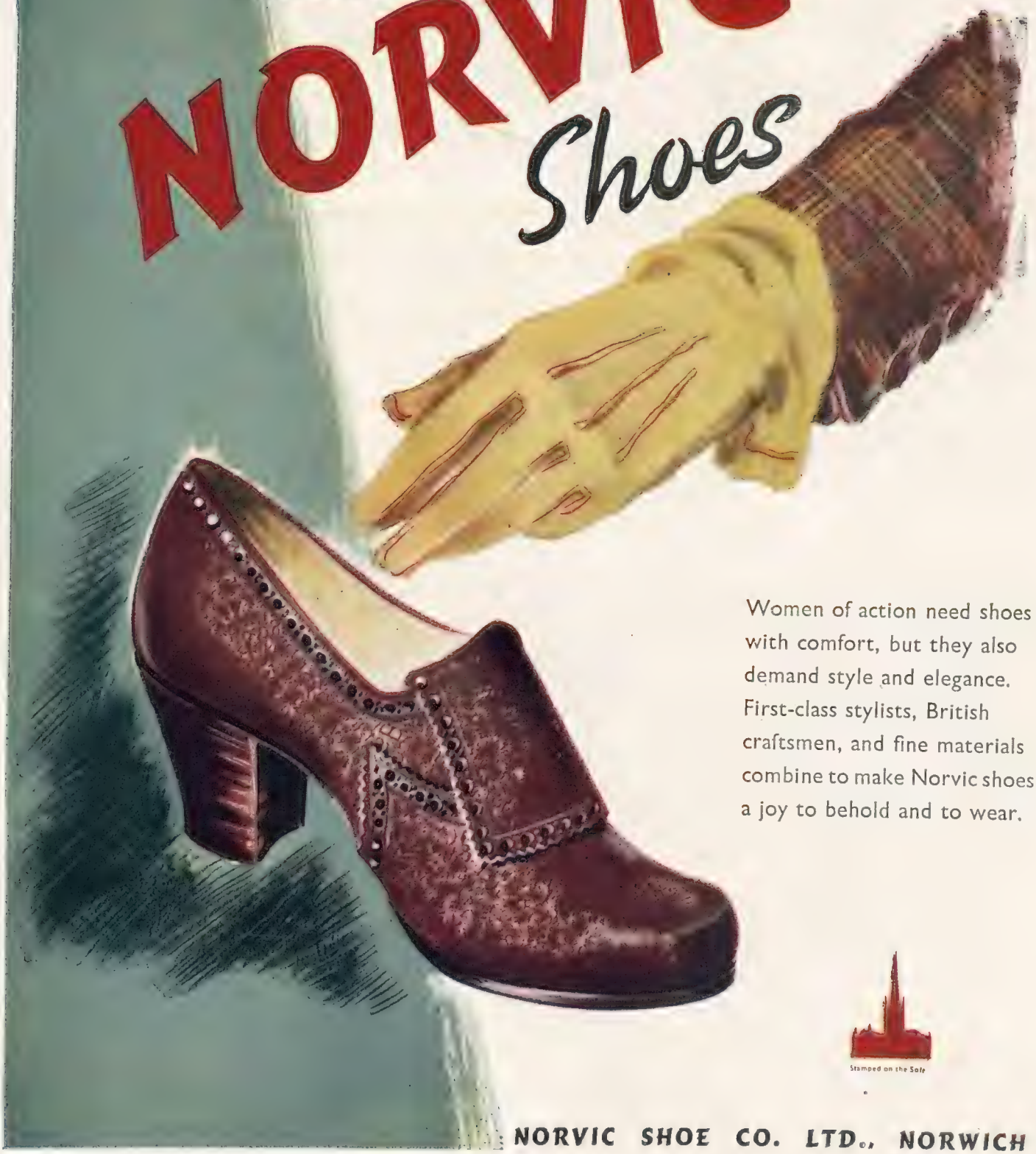
Cod-liver oil, too, is not so much a medicine as a body builder. It takes the place to an important extent, of our inadequate sunshine and keeps the body's resistance at that high level which is proof against infections, many of which start in insignificant ways.

Hungry children cannot be satisfied on a diet of milk, raw green vegetables and fruit juices. These things must be added to the daily intake, in some form or other, however, if the children are to develop physically and mentally as well-nourished youngsters should.

Sunshine and fresh air are as much a part of the diet as meat and bread, and the child who eats wisely, sleeps regularly, and breathes deeply is well nourished in every sense of the word.

Louisa Kay

OUT AND ABOUT *with* NORVIC *Shoes*



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Hard Times for Chickens

BACKYARD hens are a fairly simple proposition for the amateur in summer-time, but when the colder months set in, there is quite a lot to learn about the care and comfort of the poultry, if they are to justify their keep.

Assuming you have a sturdy variety of hens—Rhode Island Reds are by far the most popular—egg yield depends largely upon what arrangements have been made to keep the birds warm and dry.

Make-shift hen houses may suffice for the summer months, but you cannot expect healthy birds and a regular egg supply if, during the cold months, they are too much exposed to the rigours of the weather.

In any case, an improvised shanty is an expensive indulgence. Good laying hens are valuable property and, if bought as laying pullets, fairly costly now. The economic way is to house them securely and comfortably, in which case they will pay handsome dividends. Regularly disinfecting the hen houses is essential to stave off the diseases so likely to attack the backyard hen, especially in winter when resistance is lowered by cold and dampness.

A pail of boiling water to which has been added a pound of soda is the best disinfectant for houses and feeding implements. Litter in the houses should be swept up and burnt at regular intervals. Whenever possible, keep the hen run dug over. Chickens running on a sour and probably infected track cannot possibly be maintained in the best condition for laying.

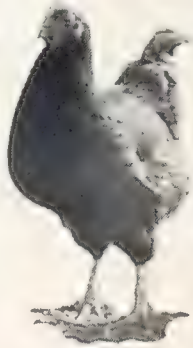
Anæmia is a common complaint among hens that are kept in unhealthy surroundings or in badly ventilated houses. This can only be cured by improving the quarters so as to give the birds warm, well-ventilated and a reasonably hygienic home.

Make no mistake about it, chickens need cossetting. It is a mistake to suppose that you can put a few hens into a backyard shanty, feed them daily and, by leaving it at that expect them to provide an uninterrupted supply of eggs. A high egg yield is only obtained in one way and that is by unremitting attention to food and shelter. The work of attending to chickens is not great, but it must be regular. Feeding should be done twice a day and cleaning out the house not less than once a week.

All houses, if the birds are to be properly cared for, should be creosoted or tarred once a year. This should never be done while the birds are in residence, but if they can be removed temporarily while the treatment is carried out, so much the better. It is better for the tar or creosote to dry thoroughly before the hens are allowed in contact with it again

If creosoting is carried out before the winter starts, the chances of the house keeping dry and free of pests is much improved.

Damp floors are a serious threat to the health and laying qualities of hens and particular care should be taken that there are no leaks in the hen house roof and no cracks in the walls which will admit rain to the floorboards. Feeding troughs and water troughs should be securely fixed so that the birds do not overturn them and swamp the floorboards.



Wood shavings, sawdust, leaves and even ashes make a good, dry floor litter, but it is essential that this should be raked over frequently and changed often enough to prevent its becoming foul.

The food question is covered in a sentence by saying that a mess of scraps boiled higgledy-piggledy in a pot won't do. The food must be clean, well cooked and thoroughly minced before it is mixed with the balancer meal.

A dry feed in the morning should be followed in the afternoon by a good hot mash served to the birds in a clean receptacle, in fact in several clean receptacles, if possible, so that backward feeders have as much chance as the rest.

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Wolsey Shirtmakers:
In short supply but worth hunting;
their life is long.

Wolsey Brevets: Foundation
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Wash and mend and
treat as a treasure.

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PARKLEIGH

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Shoe Store in every large Town

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

their clothes before being turned out of their homes. Every historian of the rebellion of '41 mentions this strange and brutal feature.

Many of the fugitives perished of hunger and exposure. Some withstood the ordeal and managed to reach Dublin Castle, the only place that could be considered a safe refuge.

Amongst them was Lady Edgeworth, who had been persuaded by friends not to endanger her life by going back to search for her child, which must inevitably have perished.

It is not known for how long she endured the pangs of her agonised grief over the fate of her child—but one day a message came that a man wanted to speak with her.

She went down to the gate and there was confronted by the figure of Ferral, her faithful servant, whose face was twisted with emotion at sight of her.

He had with him the same large pannier in which the heir of Edgeworth had been hidden among the chickens; and now he picked up the bonny little boy and handed him to his mother. Any one passing at that moment must have been bewildered to see the proud mistress of Castle Cranallah kissing the hard, roughened hand of humble Bryan Ferral, of whom history records nothing save that he was "a servant of the lowest order."

END

Perfume (*Continued from page 12*)

meal," he said. "You can always get anything just before they bump you off. You read that in the crime books."

Miss Augusta, her perfume encompassing him, said briefly: "Don't be a little prig."

She talked to him for more than an hour. She was with him when the ward sister came to get him ready for the ophthalmic surgeon. They talked of tennis, and theatres, and books, and dancing. Before they took him he was calling her "Augusta," because he liked the name. And, having borrowed her handkerchief, he had shoved it quickly into his pyjama pocket, with the glee of a naughty child, and Monsieur Chambillard's creation was in his nostrils as they took him off.

IN her Cadogan Place sitting-room two weeks later Miss Augusta discussed herself with herself, with some frankness. "I don't mind being called Augusta," she said, "he's a very nice boy. I don't mind being told that my hands feel soft and beautiful. I don't mind being told that my perfume is sweet, because I know it is. But I do mind being told that I'm a gorgeous blonde, and that I'm going dancing as soon as he's better. And I object very strongly, in my late sixties, to being touched to the point where I *want* to hold the hand of a baby sub-lieutenant. It's ridiculous."

"What the ward sister says is true, you damned old chicken-stealer. The boy's in love with me; it's ridiculous." She remembered that on that morning he had reached for both her hands and held them, and told her she was adorable. In the nurses' cubby-hole she said to Miss Branagan:

"Branagan, you'd better tell this boy I'm as old as Princess Helena Victoria. For goodness sake, it's up to you to stop these exhibitions of calf-love in your ward."

Miss Branagan had said: "Now listen, Miss Augusta, you're as good as seventeen tonics and fourteen injections to him; you're carrying him through to the time when his bandages will come off, and he'll be stronger because of you if there's blackness behind 'em and no light."

Miss Augusta had turned with some fierceness. "What's the matter with my voice?"

Miss Branagan had been surprised. "Your voice?" she asked. "Why?"

"Well," said Miss Augusta, "to me it sounds like the voice of an old woman, and why shouldn't it?"

Sister Branagan looked at her. "Now, I'm not in love with you, Miss Augusta, but I'll tell you, it's the voice of a rich and rare girl." She pronounced it "gurrl." "And you should be getting a medal for what you have done in this hospital."

BACK in the sitting-room Miss Augusta rang for Mrs. Hawkins. "You made those biscuits, didn't you?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Put some cherries in with them," said Miss Augusta. "Now I'm going to have a nap."

The biscuits and the cherries of the one day, the two big peaches from a cousin in Northern Ireland, the brandy flip made with the four eggs her niece from White Waltham had sent her, were received each with courtesy by the sub-lieutenant. But when they were put on the hospital locker by his bed, his hands would grope for hers, and always for a few minutes in the morning, as her hands were held and pressed, there would be silence between Miss Augusta and her patient.

He talked to her as he would have talked to a girl of twenty. It was natural. With her he had the reticence which a young man has with a woman until she is far beyond his age group and therefore far removed from the circle of his mating.

On the Monday he talked of the perfume. "I dreamt about it last night," he said. "I never thought anything could come out of Vichy as exciting."

Miss Augusta had interposed. "John," she said, "I should imagine there wasn't any Vichy when this was created."

"No," he said, "but I'm only telling you what I thought. I dreamt that the perfume wasn't a cover for a woman any way; it wasn't like old Henry VIII using spices to hide the smell of bad meat. No, I thought last night in my dreaming that perfume and faces, and souls if you like, go together, and that once a man understands perfume he can sense from it the girl he's going to marry."

After this he got very red and remained silent. Miss Augusta grew very pale and remained equally silent. Then she said:

"I wouldn't link anything with perfume, John; it's artificial, isn't it?"

"Of course it is." He smiled wisely, his mouth lifting under the white of his bandage. "That's all right," he said, and left it at that.

On the Tuesday the ophthalmic surgeon came in while he and Miss Augusta were talking about the Lansdowne swimming pool.

"Another two weeks, young fellow," he said, "and those bandages will be off."

The sub-lieutenant thanked him formally.

The surgeon was nettled. "Aren't you going to ask me whether you are going to see or not?"

The sub-lieutenant grinned. "Well, you see, sir, I've rather made my plans now, and it doesn't really matter very much one way or another if certain things . . . certain things . . . well, certain things——"

"I'll get Sister Branagan to take your temperature, young fellow," said the surgeon, and stalked off.

"Has he gone?" asked the sub-lieutenant of Miss Augusta.

"Yes," she said. "You know, you weren't very civil."

"Darling," he said, "I didn't want to be. It's you I love and I'm going to marry you, and I don't give a damn now whether I'm blind or not, because there'll be you and the perfume, and you could take me all round the place, and I won't smash too much after I get better. You are going to marry me, aren't you?" He took her hand to his face, and held it there.

Miss Augusta looked at him as she rose, gently disengaged her hand. "You're the dearest lad I think I have ever known. Perhaps except one," she said.

"So there *is* somebody else!" said the sub-lieutenant in a white heat.

"No, no," said Miss Augusta. "That was a memory. But I think, you know, John, before you propose to a woman you should listen more carefully (*Continued on page 54*)

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to what your surgeon said. You're probably going to see again, and that's the main thing."

"Darling," said the sub-lieutenant, "you'll give me your answer. I want you and your perfume all my life. We'll raise a family. . . ." Miss Augusta winced. "And as soon as the war is over and I'm out of the service, we'll have a honeymoon."

Miss Augusta rose to go. Sister Branagan had come up very softly. Now she stood there, with all the mistiness of Irish tears within her eyes. The two women looked at each other without faltering.

"You'll get my answer, John," said Miss Augusta, "the day before your bandages come off."

IN the nurses' cubbyhole Sister Branagan and Miss Augusta again talked earnestly.

"It's the only way," said Miss Augusta. "If he gets one look at me it'll smash him up for years. No man likes to be a fool, but a man would like to jump off a cliff after being an insane fool, which is what he would think."

That night in Cadogan Place she wrote the letter. It went well as long as she had a popular magazine beside her, from which she could get words.

She finished her note. She went to her bathroom. She poured the last ounce of Monsieur Chambillard's "Presages" into her washbasin. Then she slept.

SISTER BRANAGAN went to the sub-lieutenant.

"Well, young man," she said, "your bandages are coming off just after noon. I think you're going to be all right."

Perfume

"Have you heard from her?" asked the sub-lieutenant.

"I have," said Sister Branagan. "She's like all the rest of these modern girls."

The sub-lieutenant sat up in bed. "What do you mean? She wrote, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes, she wrote," said Sister Branagan.

"Well, read it," said the sub-lieutenant.

Sister Branagan read :—

Dear old John,

Why on earth you dumb clucks fall for a bit of cheap scent I don't know. What earthly use do you think a naval sub-lieutenant would be to me? You're a nice boy and I like you, but I don't love you, and in any case I'm marrying a captain of marines as soon as possible.

And let me warn you—whenever you meet a girl with perfume, run like hell.

Yours,
Augusta.

The sub-lieutenant clenched his teeth. He breathed hard for a second, Sister Branagan watching.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "That's just like the last one. They lead a fellow on till he falls in love, and all the time it's the other bloke that they want." He paused. "These damn cocktail-drinking blondes," he said, "these modern girls in their uniforms and their cheap scent. . . ."

He sat back. "Well, Sister, that's that, isn't it ? And you know, I really did love her."

He paused again. "It *had* to be a bloody marine," he said, and reached for a cigarette.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 41)

fraud, to find that his wife Clara has, in the meantime, made a success of a private hotel at Southfleet. Having found religion in prison, and come out reformed, Jimmy is humble enough to accept a job as porter, waiter, and factotum in the hotel and say nowt about their marriage, even to little daughter Rose, born after he went down. The guests love him, and one of them dies, leaving him £2,000. He opens a toyshop in the town, prospers, and need no longer fear letting an older Rose into a family secret. . . . Sentimental? Yes, but a good Deeping story, all the same.

BREATHES there a man who has not dreamt of a love affair with a charming French girl in and around the Paris that was—the Quais, bookstalls, cafés, Fontainebleau, and all that? It should have enchantment, and at the end, sadness—the sadness of "Thanks for the Memory." Such was the romance of U.S. Lieutenant Reynolds and Germaine, after the last war. They loved; they might have married, but just didn't; in any case, she had a fiancé in the background, as most Germaines have. The tale, "My Heart for Hostage" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.) by Mr. Robert Hillyer, is a pleasing work of art for those of sensitive taste.

MISS NORAH LOFTS is a distinctive storyteller. In "Michael and All Angels" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) she tells of a Suffolk innkeeper after Waterloo, his two daughters—one pock-marked, embittered, dictatorial—and the macabre melodrama which develops when an old sea crony turns up to revive a black memory in the father's past. Nothing could be farther in spirit from the present day, which is its chief appeal.

"Cherry Harvest" by E. H. Clements (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.) is very much present-day, with an evacuated school in the Cotswolds for setting and the attempted murder, by Nazi spies, of a nerve-strained R.A.F. inventor, staying there incognito, for plot. Light, superficial, most amusingly written.

PRESENT-day, too, is Miss Barbara Whitton's "Green Hands" (Faber, 7s. 6d.), a first-hand story of three girls in the Land Army—life in billet and fields, doing a milk round, going to village dances and the pictures with local Lotharios; no idealisation, just farm life in wartime as thousands of girls are living it. Our Land Girls deserve one good novel about their patriotic effort, and here it is.

AND now for a first novel which is an event: "A Well Full of Leaves" by Elizabeth Myers (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.). One cannot merely *read* it; one is caught up, like a tossed leaf, in the seething, tempestuous backstreet family with its booze-and-betting breadwinner, its matriarchal scold, its youngsters abounding with dreams, ambitions, frustrations. Anda, driven to live with an artist as his model, climbs through marriage to the peerage; Steve, who won a scholarship to grammar school, becomes a successful actor; Laura, the narrator, a library assistant. All, fighting parental handicaps, are as alive, insurgent, as young people can be. One is startled by sudden, sickle-sharp slants on children which seem as revealing as Katherine Mansfield's. It has in it the fire of a fierce sincerity, burning out truths as with a red-hot iron. Genius? Maybe. But at least a most rare talent, an augur of great things to come.

END

A Sprite of the Tree Tops (*Continued from page* 29)

forethought, but this little sprite of the tree tops is not a heedless, giddy fool. Certain it is that many of the nuts and berries hidden are never unearthed again, but a squirrel is never short of winter rations and to watch one of them reach its larder, extract a nut, sit up on its haunches and eat it, is to be convinced that the animal knows what it is about.

Unfortunately, however, the red squirrel is on the decrease in this country and I think its present status now gives cause for anxiety, for in some of its former localities it has become almost extinct. The war has not helped it in any way, because an immense amount of timber has had to be cut, and in some cases whole woods have been almost levelled. Disease—to which the red squirrel is subject—has also accounted for some proportion of the decrease, but I am convinced that the advent of the American grey squirrel affords the real explanation, and is yet another instance of the danger of introducing alien animals into any country.

END

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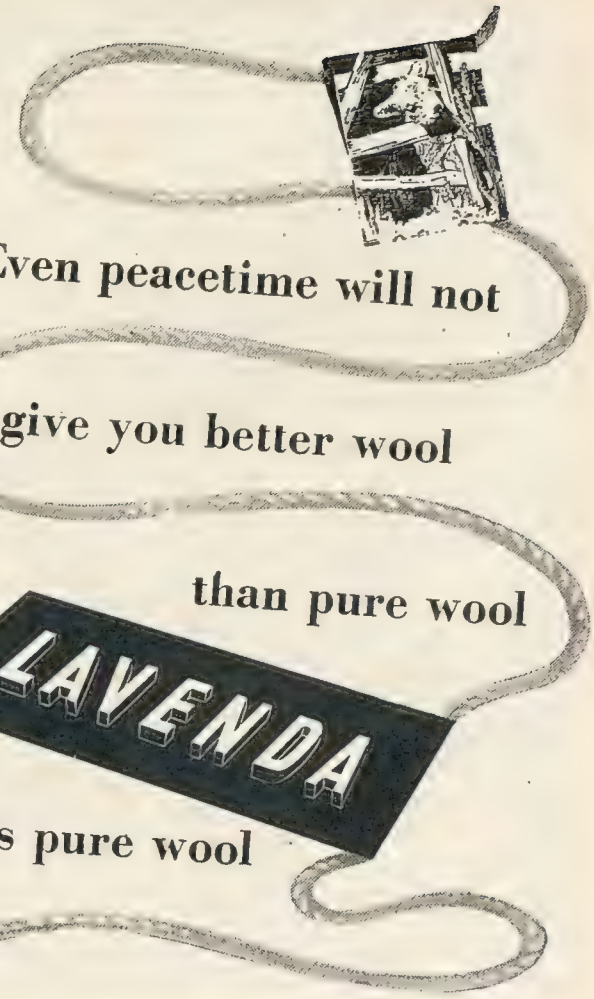

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To-morrow's Sun

(Continued from page 32)

Paris two years ago. Martin had said:—

"We can't possibly make Bordeaux. Too many refugees. I know of a village on the Brittany coast—I spent a summer there once. It has a ragged shore, great cliffs, fishing boats—lots of them. We'll get a fisherman to sail us across to England. Surely the Germans won't bother with such a place."

But of course the Nazis were already in St. Antoine when she drove the mud-splattered Renault convertible over the ancient stones of the market place.

Teresa had wanted to return to Paris, but Martin, undermined by pain and shock, refused to leave. The Nazis let them stay here only because Martin was considered too puerile to be dangerous.

With the tread of a tired old man he climbed the stairway to his room above. As his door shut Terry heard the pad of Jean's bare, calloused feet across the earthen floor. He looked ill, yet his furious spirit was already winning the battle against weakness. "May God protect you for saving me," he said gravely. "Now it is best that you burn my blouse, Thérèse. Will your husband help us again? Since our doctor is gone?"

"I don't know, Jean. I am not sure." She stuffed the blouse into the stove, poked the embers until they angrily consumed it.

"But he is an American. His country is at war with Germany!"

"He is also Viennese, of German-Austrian parents. I feel sure he will do nothing to harm us—perhaps nothing to help."

"At least is it good that earlier I delivered cakes to the captain. He is in malicious humour. He forced upon me two cakes for sureness of no poison, then doled to me sugar and butter for to-morrow—he gluts himself while he starves my people! One day my hands shall grip his fat neck!"

Knuckles pounded on the front door. Jean turned off the light, slipped out the way he had entered. Teresa walked slowly through the parlour to the front door, jerked it open. The corporal of the Nazi patrol touched his helmet, shifted the sub-machine gun under his arm, stepped aside to make way for Captain Staulk, who said to her in German:—

"Every house must again be searched for the enemy pilot."

"What makes you persist in thinking he survived?" she asked.

"The patrol saw a parachute come down near the beach. They also——" he hesitated, his light eyes unwinking as a lizard's upon her—"they also found dripped water and boot marks leading from the sand to the trees."

So they *do* know, she thought, commanding her face to exhibit no apprehension as she looked at Hugo Staulk's thick face and short thick body.

"Would you notify me if you learned the flyer's whereabouts?" he asked.

"It would be fatally foolish to do otherwise, captain."

He stared rudely at Teresa's thin oval face, marking the firm full-lipped mouth, the chestnut hair which hung heavy and straight to her shoulders. "I recall that you were a fine pianist, madame," he said. "It is unfortunate there is no piano in St. Antoine."

"There is no flyer here, either," she said coldly. "Will you please direct your men to search quickly? I wish to retire."

When they had gone she returned to the kitchen, dipped thin soup into a covered pail, slipped on a jacket, tied a dark kerchief over her hair, and stole through shadows to the back of the bakery. Inside the shop she made sure the blackout cards were tightly in place before she lit the piece of candle she carried; then she pressed a spot in the side wall of the supply closet and it moved out to expose a rectangular room lined with stone. A hole in the ceiling admitted air.

Christopher Adams lay on a heap of sacking, his heavy black hair over his forehead, his hard brown face pillowed on his crossed arms. He's so *young*, she thought. Only twenty-four. Yet she, too, was only twenty-four. "Years mean little," she mused. "I feel *old*."

"Terry!" he cried softly, sitting up, blinking. "I've about gone mad waiting for you. I thought surely those devils had got you."

"They nearly got Jean," she said, giving him soup and two slices of coarse, dark bread, her own hunger clamouring as she watched him eat her supper ration.

"They're still turning the village upside down hunting you," she went on. "They know you survived. They found water and boot marks."

"I don't believe it," he said. "Jean crawled over the sand and dragged me behind him. I remember that much. They aren't certain I'm here, but they will be if they find my parachute. I stuffed it between two big boulders and packed it in with sand. I didn't dare take a chance on its washing ashore with the shroud lines cut. Lord, if I only had a cigarette now——"

"You couldn't risk smoking it in here. They have sharp noses——"

HE took her hand, pulled her down beside him. "When we get to England I'm going to stuff you full of roast beef and potatoes before I take you to the War Ministry—Terry, that map you made for me showing the locations of the towers and the fuel dump, the plane runway—it's invaluable! The submarines they've been refuelling here have played the devil with our shipping, cost us needed men, irreplaceable supplies. I've got to get the information to England—come back with bombs and blast that dump, wreck those towers!"

"Pierre tried. Jean has tried, but the guard is too alert. Our only hope lies with you——"

"Is Jean nearly ready with that boat?"

"We've planned the escape for to-morrow night." His hand, his nearness, intruded upon her, made her aware of herself as a woman. He thought her lovely and her heart yearned towards him and all he stood for—courage, decency, a free world.

"We'll get across," he said. "My shoulder is behaving again. You can stay with my sister, and when it's over—Terry, I love you so!"

"Perhaps you mistake gratitude for love," she faltered.

"Perhaps *you* do," he said quietly. "I mean the doctor. I won't leave here without you."

"Getting that map to England is more important than you or me. *You* have to go." Her voice steadied, concealing inner chaos.

He shook the dark hair from his forehead, rubbed the stubble of beard on his jaw. "I can't make you out," he said. "You love me. I feel it. Yet you won't leave a man who keeps you in this hell with him. Why are you loyal to him? Tell me. I must know. I'll try to understand. You've never told me the whole story."

"He was a great man when I met him in Vienna," she said, and there was pain in her voice. "I was studying at the Conservatory on a scholarship, and he was perfecting himself in brain surgery. It was exciting to meet a famous surgeon from New York, another American. He was handsome, very distinguished, and so *kind* to me——"

"I'm listening, Terry."

"Even after the Germans came we stayed on in Vienna. We were Americans; they troubled us little at first. Then our friends began mysteriously to disappear and we were taken in for questioning again and again. My money was held up. We were watched. It became intolerable. I hadn't a penny. Martin took me to Berne, insisted I continue my studies with a Swiss teacher. I was to repay him from my concert earnings later on. In the spring of '40 we left for Paris. There were thousands of Americans clamouring for visas and passage home. We had to wait our turn."

"But what happened to you in Paris? Why did you marry him?"

She spoke patiently, as if she were explaining to herself as well as him. "You see, I'd come to rely on Martin. I was terribly fond of him and when he said it would be easier to get

(Continued on page 58)

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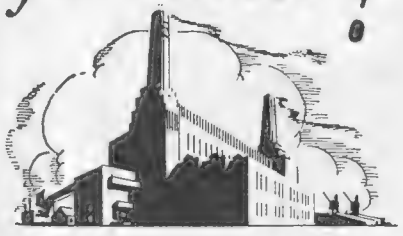

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visas as man and wife I married him without question. It was on the day that Paris was bombed—after the ceremony he left me to see a friend at the Air Ministry, hoping to get visas for Spain and Portugal, passage on the Lisbon Clipper. The Ministry was directly hit. A flying piece of shell smashed Martin's right arm, imbedding dozens of shell splinters in his elbow——"

"Good Lord! How ghastly for a surgeon!"

"Afterwards he lay without treatment for hours. Finally, in an overcrowded hospital, a medical student patched him up. He knew he was finished. He went a little insane, I think. He wouldn't let me out of his sight. He became so—so dependent on me, and I owed him so much. I think he decided then never to leave France. He felt there was no place for him anywhere. Twice this last year we might have escaped. He wouldn't go. When his career ended he changed—completely."

"What of *your* career?" he demanded. "Your music?"

"In war you wouldn't compare the loss of champagne to sulphanilamide," she said.

Chris held her hand tightly in his. "Terry, listen to some sense. Can't you see he lives in an ivory tower of self-pity? That he thinks only of himself? Does he care that you're hungry? That you must step off the sidewalk when German officers pass? You know he doesn't. Tell him you're going, with or without him."

"I don't see how I can leave him. I don't expect you to understand."

"It's beyond any one's understanding!" he said roughly. "Terry, I had a professor at Oxford who used to quote at us: 'Defer not till to-morrow to be wise; to-morrow's sun to *thee* may never rise!' It fits you, me, every one in this war. You're going with me."

He bent his head and kissed her and she returned his kiss with the trembling sadness of a child left too long in a dreaded dark room.

IN the morning Terry, her arms filled with wild heather from the upland slopes, went to Martin's room and found him lying on the bed reading a German newspaper.

"What an effective picture you make," he mocked. "The blossoms match the circles under your eyes. Look in the mirror—have you no vanity left?"

"Martin," she said, "we have a chance to escape to-night. Will you go?"

He folded his paper, raised himself on his left elbow. "I will *not*. Do you imagine that a boat can cross the Channel with planes thick as migratory geese overhead? With mines everywhere below? This may be a Spartan life here, but I prefer it to death in the sea!"

She felt her hands crushing the heather against her stomach. "I'm going to-night," she said. "I'm leaving you, Martin."

"Well, Isolde," he mocked. "So you cannot bear to lose your Tristan. I was right about this flyer, wasn't I, my dear? Youth to youth, young love calling, all that. Come, come, admit the truth. Is he your lover yet?"

"No."

"Why not, then? Surely you've had opportunity? I'm aware you spent most of the night with him." He sat up cross-legged on the bed. His face twitched so horribly she averted her eyes.

"What makes you so cruel?" she whispered. "Can't you see what you've done to your own self? To me? Our life together? I've got to get away from it, from you."

He put his hand over his face and talked through his fingers. "If you loved me I would go," he said; and now there was no mockery in his tone. "But you feel only pity, and I writhe under it! Oh, God, Terry!" Tears squeezed through his fingers, wet the back of his hand. In a moment he went on, his voice harsh:—

"You are all that remains to me of the world I once had. Can you understand that? I love you. I am jealous of you. I am a man with an obsession. Perhaps I am even a little insane. In England I would lose you. Here I can keep you. It matters little to me who wins this war. Oh, it's true that against the Nazis I hold their determination to eradicate individualism—I'm a follower of Nietzsche, not Hitler—oh, get out and leave me alone!

If you attempt to leave me, to escape with this man, I will notify the captain of your plans. I mean it."

The heather slipped from her arms to the floor, making a fragrant pool of purple-blue colour. "I've been such a fool," she whispered. "I never believed you'd rather see me dead than free."

As she left the house the fog loafing in from the Channel wrapped itself oppressively around her, enfolding her like a wet grey towel.

A little later, with Chris in the stone cubicle, she said: "I'm going with you. I've told Jean. Because of the wound in his back he's arranged for two friends of his to take the boat to a hidden cove, then he will lead us there. It should be a good night to get away—the fog is growing thicker. Oh, Chris! I still can't believe I'll escape. It—it isn't *real*. I——"

He took her in his arms, kissed her gently. "I'll take care of you." His face was sombre now, determined, and the strength in him bolstered her.

"Are they still searching for me?" he asked.

She nodded. "They've offered a reward for information, but the people know what Jean would do to an informer. They're still looking for your parachute——"

"If they find it we may not get away without a fight."

"In this fog it isn't likely they'll find anything——" She broke off as Jean opened the wall to tell her that the patrol had passed towards her house. "I'd better go. I'll take the back path," she said.

Chris caught her shoulders, pressed them. "Until to-night——"

But that night two villagers carrying a boat were apprehended among the trees above the shore. Neither of them could be forced to speak and at dawn they were hanged.

No wooden sabots clattered over the stones the following day; the fisher-folk remained indoors to mourn.

"So your flyer didn't get away," Martin said.

"Someone betrayed us." Terry's eyes were accusing.

"Not I." His voice was sharp. "You believe me?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I didn't betray you," he repeated. "And neither did any one else. They were probably trying to trap the person whose turn it was to put the kettle on Pierre's grave. This time it was a *copper* kettle. I imagine the captain's fury is inviting cerebral hæmorrhage!"

She thought, Chris is still here. And then she thought of the parachute.

I must see to the parachute, she thought. They've probably connected the boat with Chris. If they find his parachute they will take hostages and more will be murdered.

Donning a jacket, taking a basket over her arm, she walked towards the beach. "I wish to look for shellfish," she told the two guards posted at the deserted boat pier. They let her pass and walk towards the boulders strewn beneath a cliff on her left. Once beyond their sight she scrambled hurriedly over sand and rocks hunting for two big boulders with sand packed between them. When she finally located them she saw a strip of dirty white protruding from the concealing sand.

Scooping up wet sand in both hands she pushed and packed at the same time, afraid to remove the chute from its hiding place, afraid to leave it knowing the water would rise again and reveal it. Now only one tiny edge remained uncovered; she stooped for a last handful of sand, froze as she saw a pair of officer's boots coming down the beach towards her.

As if resting she sat down with her back against the crevice. When Captain Staulk reached her she held up empty sand-grimed hands. "No shellfish to-day," she said.

"I followed you, madame." He addressed her with chill abruptness. "What is your *true* reason for coming here?"

"I wanted to listen to the sea and the wind," she (*Continued on page* 60)

What lustre! What sheen!

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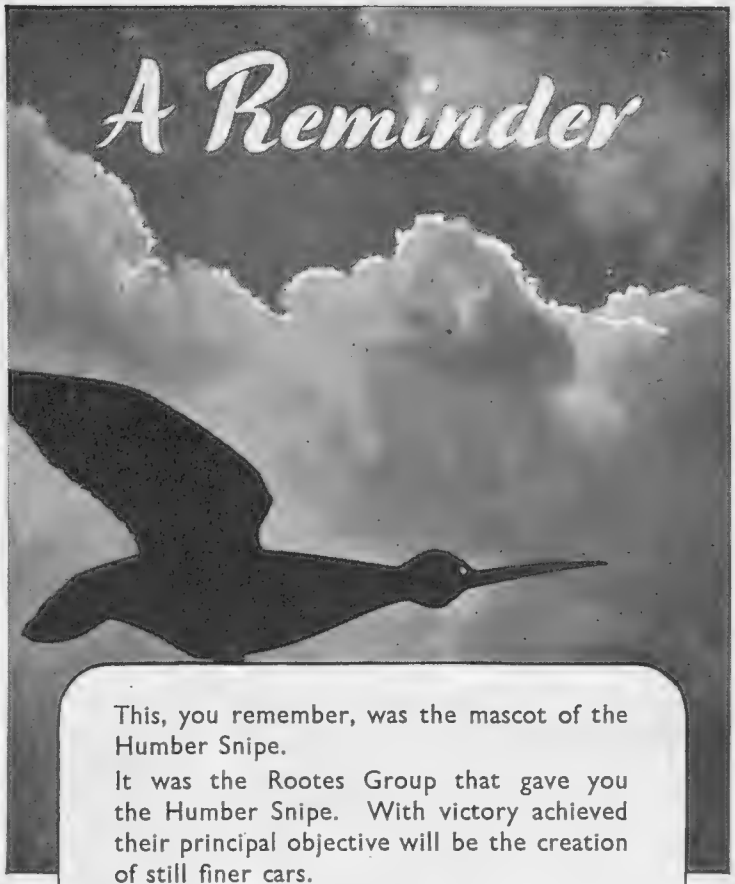

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said. "That is the only music I have."

"First you want shellfish, then you want music. Stand up, madame!"

Springing up she side-stepped his blocking body and began to run. But when she looked back she saw him reaching into the crevice, pulling out the silken shroud of the parachute. Still running she felt his fingers dig into her shoulder. His face was apoplectic from exertion.

"You are under arrest, madame," he panted.

"But why?" she cried out. "What have I done? How could I have known——"

"You underestimate my intelligence, madame. I find you with your back to a crevice between two boulders. Your hands are covered with sand and in the crevice is packed fresh wet sand. You would not have come here to hide the parachute unless you had been told it was here. Therefore you have talked to the enemy pilot and you know where he is."

"I know nothing," she insisted.

"There are ways to ascertain that," he assured her unpleasantly.

Without stumbling her rope-soled sandals kept pace with his boots as he marched her to the house where he lived with his staff, and locked her into a room.

It's happened, she thought. I am caught. I can't possibly get away. I was careless—I blundered—I've imperilled every person in this village. Jean, Chris, Martin.

Suddenly, from the next room, a familiar irascible voice reached her. Martin! Going to the door, she listened, heard him say :—

"You must be aware that I hate the English, captain, also that my wife and I are not in sympathy. If she helped the flyer she would not have told me. She would be certain of betrayal——"

More of this, much more; then Captain Staulk said : "Let him go. That ugly twitching face of his affronts me."

An hour or so later, she had no realisation of time now, the door was unlocked and she was taken into the adjoining room. Several officers sat about a long table in the centre of it.

"This is the woman we have just discussed, Colonel Oberhoff," said the captain to an elderly man with cold jaws.

"You may speak, Fräulein," he told Teresa.

Slowly she scanned the faces about the table. Their expressions told her that already she was condemned. She heard herself say in a dispassionate voice :—

"I know nothing of the parachute or the flyer. Torture cannot force from me a knowledge I don't possess."

A corporal of the guard opened the door, saluted. "The clod of a baker is here with cakes, captain."

"Admit him," said the colonel. "I haven't tasted a pastry fit to eat since my visit of last week. When we are finished, corporal, have one of your men escort Fräulein Kessler to her home. She is cleared of suspicion."

Terry groped towards a chair, sank down on it. *Cleared. Released.* Confusion made the room whirl. When it stopped she had the explanation for her release. It was very simple. They thought she would lead them to Chris. They would watch her, follow her, and if their plan did not succeed they would arrest her again—then torture.

Jean shuffled in carrying a large tray piled with rich sugary cakes and set it down on the table. His dull eyes did not appear to see Teresa. Captain Staulk chose a delicate petit-four at random and handed it to Jean. Before he ate it he placed one hand on the back of a chair, then he put the whole cake into his mouth, chewed it, swallowed it. After a minute he said :—

"It is very good, mon capitaine."

The colonel popped a pastry into his maw, the major followed suit, then the captain. The lieutenants snatched greedily in their turn. Jean did not move. His hand held on to the chair; his eyes stared at the wall. In a little over five minutes the pile of cakes had dwindled to one.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Captain Staulk demanded of Jean. "What——!" He half rose from his seat. The sweat came out

on his forehead. Ineffable astonishment contorted his features as he slumped backwards. The colonel and the major clawed at the table's edge, then sagged to the floor.

Terry looked at Jean. His eyes were still open, but they did not blink. One of the lieutenants swayed to his feet, tried to pull his gun, fell face forward across the table.

Terry sat on her chair, convinced she was an audience of one witnessing the final curtain scene of a macabre play in which all the actors pretended to die. Finally she forced herself to stand up, to walk to Jean, to touch his arm. The man's hand let go of the chair and he crumpled to the floor. He was dead. Every person in this room, save herself, was dead.

THE corporal of the guard finished his examination of the room. A dismayed terror sealed his face. "Go!" he ordered Teresa. "The captain said you were to be released. It is obvious this baker is the murderer. How they must hate us, these French! To die themselves to kill us!"

At the end of the street Martin called to her from the shadow of a fisherman's cottage. He put his good arm around her and through her daze she felt its hard, alive strength. "Are you unharmed, my dear?" he asked. "Try to stop trembling—lean on me."

"I—I'm all right. Why did Jean do it? *All* of them are dead! Where did he get the poison?"

"I gave it to him to mix in the flour. We could not let them torture you. It was the only way. Don't tremble so, Teresa——"

"Jean died for me," she whispered. "Oh, Martin—Martin! His people *need* him so. He was the leader—surely I'm not worth it!" Her tears came, swelling up in a flood from her heart. Martin held her against his shoulder and when he finally spoke it was in the voice of the man she had known in Vienna, in Berne, in Paris.

"I've had too many hours to examine myself," he said. "Jean's sacrifice has shaken me loose from the bitterness that came between me and the man I once was. I've wallowed in self-pity, Teresa. I've been senselessly cruel to you. Come now, there's no time to waste. Jean gave me directions to a concealed boat. I have talked to the Englishman and he waits in the trees for us. He has sworn to take good care of you, my darling. Here, slip into this warm coat."

As they stepped out into the deserted street she could see his face plainly. The moustache lay unmoving upon his upper lip; the nervous tic had gone.

"You—you're sending me to England with —with *him*?"

"Yes. He says he can run a motor and knows navigation. You'll get through."

"But what of you, Martin?" This alteration in him baffled her, yet she sensed its genuineness. "Come with us," she urged.

"How loyal you are," he said sadly. "I realise you've never loved me, and you deserve love. Go with him and try to be happy. Believe me, I'm no longer apathetic. I want to stay here. A one-armed doctor is better than none—I can be of *some* use."

Suddenly she saw there was triumph in his stride. "These people must have another leader to organise and direct them," he told her, quickening his pace. "More bridges and trains must be wrecked, more food and guns stolen, more troops disposed of! You know—I think I'll be good at it——"

"You will be!" she cried. "If they'll only accept you. They *must*. I'll tell them—I'll work with you—somehow, someway, pay my debt to Jean."

Among the trees they met Chris, wearing his blue-grey R.A.F. uniform. "Are you all right, Terry?" he asked worriedly, then Martin led them towards the beach. The wind had risen and now it whipped the tops of the trees, woodwinds playing an orchestral accompaniment to the *motif* beaten out by the bombers far to the north. Losing his way, finding it again, Martin finally stopped at the top of a cliff, motioned them to follow him as he slid down it to a strip of sand about ten feet long. From (*Continued on page* 62)

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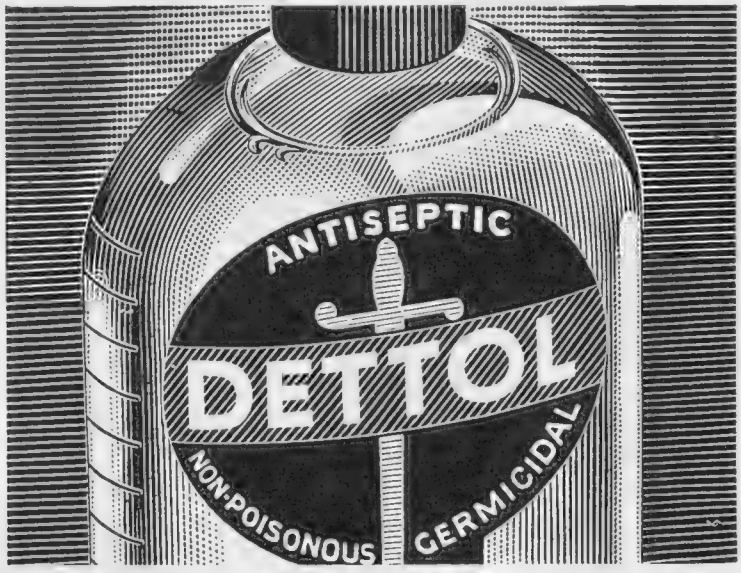

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beneath an overhang he and Chris brought out a small rowboat with an oilskin-swathed outboard motor lying on its bottom.

"Let the tide carry you out a mile or so," Martin advised. "The motor shouldn't be started until necessary."

"I understand, sir. And thank you—I'll take care of *her*——"

"Get in the boat, Terry," Martin ordered. "Hurry!"

Standing between the two men she thought: Chris has the map and he will make it across. He's a good soldier, and he'll go on being one whether I'm with him or not. It seemed to her that now she was certain he would escape her concern for him was done. In the time since she perceived the transformation in Martin her own emotions had crystallised and she understood that her feeling for Chris had been wishful longing for all he stood for: escape, freedom, youth. But her place was here, helping Martin to fight Jean's battle against the Nazis.

"Martin," she said in French so that Chris would not understand her words, "I am not going."

"You must! You aren't safe here——"

To-morrow's Sun

"But I am." Swiftly she related how Captain Staulk had ordered her release just as Jean arrived. "I'm positive no one outside that room knew I was to be used as bait. I can stay here with you, work with you," she said steadily. "I do not love this man. Wait on top of the cliff for me while I persuade him to go without me——"

His voice was rough, shaken. "I am grateful," he said and left them alone.

A little while later she joined him and they watched the small boat drift out on an ebbing tide. She put her hand in his, leaned against his tall body. "To-morrow's sun will rise for him, for you and me, for *our* people, everywhere," she whispered.

"How did you tell him?" he asked at last.

"I said I was staying because you are a great man again—oh, Martin, it's *you* I love!"

Together they returned home, wrapped an iron kettle in a German newspaper, and together crept in shadow-silence to Pierre's grave.

END

Can Animals Reason?

(*Continued from page 25*)

of behaviour is that by associating a given sound with the offering of food to a dog it has been found possible to make a dog's saliva flow simply by giving the feeding sound without offering any food!

Another error which the untrained observer of animal life is apt to make is to mistake blind, unreasoning, instinctive action for intelligent thought resulting in purposeful behaviour. The best illustration I know of how easy it is to confuse these two mental processes is provided by certain birds in cleaning their nests.

When birds have nestlings they almost invariably pick up any debris which may be in the nest and throw it aside, thus keeping the nest clean. This cleansing action takes place when the bird returns to the nest after a foray for food. One is apt to conclude that the parent birds know the importance of sanitary conditions for their offspring and adopt the above procedure for purposes of hygiene.

One day some scientists put this theory to the test of rigorous scientific experiment. They took up their position at a birds' nest and with a pair of tweezers they picked up all the debris that littered the nest. When the parent birds returned they consequently found nothing to remove.

Now if the birds had the intelligence we have attributed to them they would have let well alone. Instead of that, however, the birds started taking bits of the nest until eventually it was destroyed! The bird's efforts at sanitation were obviously but the obeying of an instinct which urged them always to take something from the nest when they returned from a foraging expedition. The birds were quite unable to adapt themselves (as intelligent beings would have been able to do) to changed conditions.

When Dr. Reid Blair, who was head of the most famous zoological gardens in America, was once asked which were the most intelligent of all animals he placed the chimpanzee first. The elephant and dog he also placed in the first half-dozen. I don't think many experts would disagree with Dr. Blair.

It is a sign of definite intelligence to use tools to achieve a desired end. Judged by this standard the chimpanzee is certainly intelligent. Chimpanzees have been observed to fit a small hollow rod into another to make a long stick to reach a desired object. Similarly they have been seen to pile several boxes one on top of another in order to seize a banana suspended high above their heads.

To the dog lover few, if any, animals are admitted as rivals in intelligence to the dog. And any one who has been privileged to enjoy the friendship of a dog knows that it can exhibit signs of affection and reasoning power of no mean order.

END

Portrait of the Artist as a Quisling

(*Continued from page 13*)

Then there was the solution of lying low.

Inherently suspect as a "Liberal intellectual," the artist surrounded by Nazis had to practise greater subtleties than his neighbour. Yet three kinds were lucky in the form of their artistry. The painter could take his easel to the hilltop or the brook; the sculptor could model; the musician could compose; and none of these things cut across the Nazi occupation. Here was artistic effort innocent of politics and New Orders.

Such artists, did they have that minimum essential with which to live (and maybe possessing a property, however small), could cherish a fair hope of pulling through. Their work, and that of their poorer colleagues, if purchased at all, would no doubt be bought by the only ones who could afford such luxuries—the Nazis. But was that collaborating? Painting or modelling a German—*that* was to be resisted as far as excuse could carry one; but not too far, or—the concentration camp.

A fourth solution for the artist confronted by Nazis, some may discern, up to a point, in the case of Maurice Chevalier. "Chevalier?" observes Françoise Rosay. "He is perhaps more weak than bad. He went to Germany to entertain French prisoners. Unfortunately he did not stop at that." Unfortunately, lured into the Adlon web, he proceeded to hobnob with Germans. Can he live it down? Probably not. He is already having unaccountable stage difficulties and he'll no doubt draw cries of "Boche!" if he appears after the war.

Yet somehow one does not see Chevalier being tried for treason. Until tempted to Paris by the de Brinon-Carpentier crowd, he had cheered Marseilles and the Vichy zone. Chevalier's was the gamin spirit in which the French delighted and he might be able to make out a case that he was sustaining morale by carrying on as the national institution he was. And, even at the Ambassadors, didn't he crack double-meanings at the expense of the Boches out in front?

But it is another matter when one comes to Sacha Guitry, fifty-seven years old, gifted, spectacular "prince of the theatre," masterly actor, author of eighty-odd pieces, producer, business brain. The Algiers Committee of Liberation has banned everthing to do with Guitry throughout the (*Continued on page 64*)

What every woman knows

PERSPIRATION used to be a delicate subject to talk about, but to-day every woman realises that beauty of face and figure and every available coupon spent on clothes won't make her loved and admired if her person isn't immaculate. So we offer a few points on personal grooming which may be new and helpful.

Excessive perspiration may be caused by drinking too many intoxicants or too much strong tea or coffee, so take them all in moderation. Change underclothing as often as possible, and if you can't always change the set you've been wearing during a busy day leave it hanging overnight in a current of air. Tack dress shields into jerseys and woollen dresses, and if you can't buy any in your neighbourhood cut plain lint to shape and sew that in; it's a good idea to tack lint shields, sprinkled with talcum, into boiler suits or heavy-duty uniforms.

Take a warm "austerity" bath of 5 inches whenever possible, and rub briskly with a loofah to rid the pores of stale perspiration. Save any eau-de-Cologne you may have for hot weather and give yourself a friction after drying.

Use a deodorant under arms; if you run out of your favourite, wash armpits with soap and warm water, rinse with cool water to which 2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar have been added, dry, and sprinkle with talcum. A remedy for perspiring feet is a nightly footbath in warm water and enough permanganate of potash to colour the water deep pink; then a friction with toilet vinegar. And, of course, clean stockings daily. Dab perspiring hands with surgical spirit (obtainable from your chemist).

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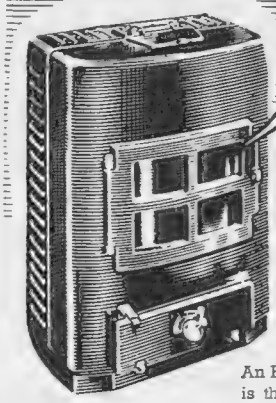

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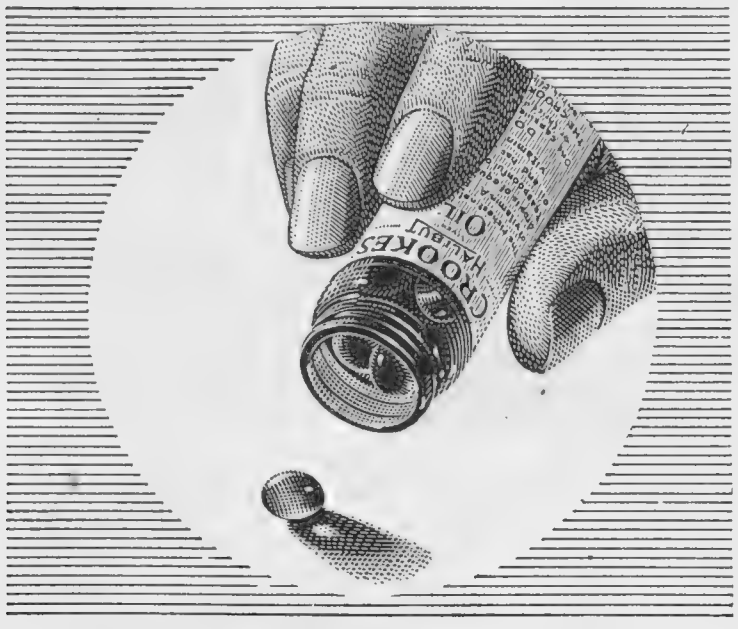

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French Empire, but that is only a beginning.

Guitry represents that rarity, a shining artist making things delightful for the befoulers of his native land. In the sense that he greased the wheels for the occupying power, he rates as a quisling (Mengelberg, the Dutch musician, and Knut Hamsun, are the only others of like calibre to sink so low). And the odious thing about Guitry is that his betrayal was entirely gratuitous. As Mme Rosay puts it: "He is rich. He need not have sacrified his honour." Nor had Guitry deigned to involve himself in politics—unless one count a monarchist affectation of such flimsiness that it permitted him to salute the arrival in Paris of the body of Napoleon's son!

If for anybody, the road was clear for Guitry when the Nazis hove near. America or England would have welcomed him—had he not written a piece specially for the King and Queen in 1938, and acted in it at the Elysée? He might have retired to a French country domain, there to wait while the hateful interlude found its denouement. He might have taken another girl-wife along with him—he is now at his fifth—and no one would have cocked an eyebrow. And he might have passed the days writing comedies and films for future production. Guitry had all the luck. A little suave *savoir faire* in dealing with visiting Germans, and they'd have been glad to leave him alone.

A boy in St. Petersburg under the Tsars, one can well see the lordly Guitry as anti-Soviet, though one would imagine this to be partly offset by his successes in England and

Portrait of the Artist as a Quisling

America. What one refuses to see is a man of Guitry's mind succumbing to the babyness that German conquerors would ever have allowed French culture and ideas to endure.

What, then, made Guitry become an enthusiastic entertainer of the German big shots and their women?

Right from the start, he did it. At his own theatre just off the Champs-Elysées, he staged piece after piece to please the Germans, for the more striking of whom he held levees in his dressing-room. Or in his apartment. I see this again, as once he showed me his Monets, Corots, Renoirs, Rodins; Robespierre's last waistcoat; Madame de Sevigné's pinafore; Clémenceau's last grey gloves. And the rare coins, gold and gems! A fortune alone. What joyous black-market suppers Guitry must have had here, showing off his treasures to admiring Germans, while France sobbed her bitterest tears.

"Colonel Britton," for his part, reminisced over the radio. "How well I remember that film of his in which he appears as 'Le Tricheur'—The Cheat. Now we find him not only *un tricheur* but *un traitre*." And the butcher Stuelpnagel was named as a Guitry frequenter.

As for the French who are regaining France, they have reminded Guitry: "You are playing this part of traitor as perfectly as you have played all your other parts, but it is your last role."

In that sentence, I think, will be found the explanation of Guitry's betrayal.

END

Rivers Of My Life (*Continued from page 20*)

I knew that it was inevitable that Hungary would join the Axis. I still feel sure that the Hungarians don't like the Germans, or the Italians either. Admiral Wolff, who commanded the *Heligoland* at the Straits of Otranto fight was at that shoot. Sitting on the grass, watching the birds being counted, he told me how Horthy had signalled that he had been wounded, his flagship badly hit, and he could steam for only ten minutes. Wolff then told how he had drawn his own ship before Horthy's, to draw fire; and he described, in vivid pantomime, watching the Allied British-Italian fleet racing down on them to destroy them.

"I waited for the salvo," said Admiral Wolff, with a grin—"but it never came."

"Why?" I asked.

"We could not tell. But after the war I wrote to the captain of the British cruiser in that engagement, and he replied: 'You must not forget our ships were under the command of an Italian admiral.'"

The five admirals all lay back on the grass and laughed. "Ah—those Italians!" said one of them. "They had been told under no conditions to risk one of the precious warships in battle. What a navy!"

To return to the river was to return to real life again. It is a strange thing, but going down the Volga, in 1928, I think it was the peace of Mother Volga itself which made the various Communists on my steamer so tolerant of an old priest we had on board. This was at the height of the anti-God movement. The priest still wore his vestments, although his cassock, once black, was now a piebald green. But as the days slowly drifted by—for that was the impression that long, lazy cruise from Nijni Novgorod down to Astrakhan gave you—no one took the trouble to bother about this hated relic of the old Tsarist regime. He was fearless, anyway; he walked about the decks with his silver crucifix hanging openly on the outside of his garments. And it was only when he got off that he attracted any notice. This was at a village on the right bank, way down in the Kalmuck country—that flat line of steppe where you begin to see camel caravans plodding along the skyline. There was a colony of Great or Little Russians down there, Slavs; and the whole village had turned out to meet him. Only then, when the Communists leaning over the rail saw the priest blessing his "flock," did someone say *Pfoui!*—and suggest that the priest should have been thrown into the drink.

I can imagine no two greater extremes than the Congo and the Delaware. Long before I could walk I sailed the Delaware River from Philadelphia to the Atlantic. For my father was a fanatic yachtsman. And I, as a baby, was parked in the cockpit with as little thought as I was strapped in my pram. To amuse me, my father sailed close to the great rusty tramps coming up the river, salt-streaked with the seven seas of the world. And he pointed out their pretty coloured flags to me, and told me what they meant—the nations they had come from. Later, with a small sail-boat of my own, I knew I would be on one.

What a strange contrast was the Congo! Here, the black man's world. Not that he is actually allowed much say in it. And what an entirely different river it was from the one I had expected to find. To begin with, it was clear. It was not muddy. And it was flowing at a good steady three or four miles an hour. Like the Delaware. But you could see nothing at all on its banks. Nothing beyond that everlasting green wall of jungle. Then you would come to the clearing which marked a plantation of some sort, or, usually, just a primitive native village. Then a real village, where there was a trader's store—and a mission, perhaps.

But the thing that astonished me so much along the Congo is that you see *not one vestige of animal life.* Even the birds are scarce.

But of course the real thing that I have in my mind all the time I am writing is this—*just the river and me.* That's the fascination of it. There are few heights of ecstasy greater than sliding your own sailing skiff into the water, getting on sail, then letting her sail fill—and pay away. I don't mean just sailing for a day. I mean an 18-ft. gunning skiff, such as I had, her lockers full of provisions, a few bits of old clothes, a gun and a fishing rod—and eighty glorious miles of the river and wide open Delaware Bay before you. That—*with a whole summer to spend!*

Or the 250 miles of the Chesapeake Bay, incontestably the finest small-boat cruising ground in the world.

And on these nights, when the stars come out, and you sit in moody silence by your camp fire (it is much better to be entirely on your own) . . . on these nights you think thoughts that would be worth a fortune, if you could only write them.

END

CLOTHING BOOK
1943-44 General CB1 6

It's smart to COUPONDER!

It's easy to look spic-and-span
If you will make a Coupon-plan
Just settle down and with great care
Consider what you'll want to wear
Then when you buy, do get the best
For that's the way to keep well-dressed

'Celanese' TRADE MARK

makes good use of Coupons

CC41 MADE FROM A Celanese UTILITY FABRIC USE COOL IRON

GTO

What does the name mean to you?

If your own personal fitting of Selberite Arch Preserver shoes is on record, you can then be sure at any time of what your foot—and health—demand . . . perfect support for the arch and complete protection against strain and fatigue. It is Selberite's intention to maintain the wide range of individual fittings even at the expense of the number of styles; fitting is just as important as fashion these days. Register your fitting now; it is an asset that will gain tremendously in value if supplies of footwear get any shorter. Ask us for the nearest Selberite Arch Preserver agent's address.

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*ARISTILE (Lisle)
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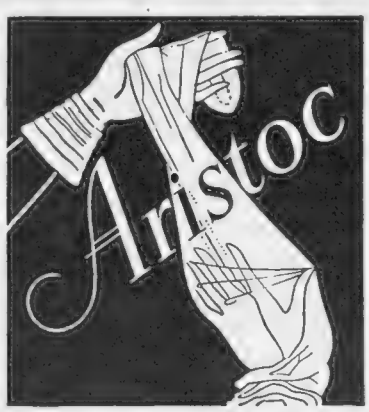
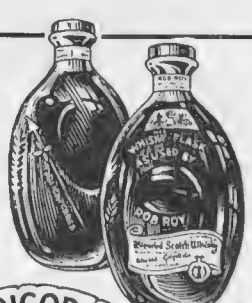


*AS GOOD AS WARTIME STOCKINGS CAN BE



GRIGOR for VIGOR

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

BY APPOINTMENT

ATKINSONS
Eau de Cologne

In those Victorian days when women were still called the "weaker sex" (though surely no man was tough enough to wear that strait jacket of rigid busks, criss-cross lacings and sheathing canvas), Atkinsons Eau de Cologne was the favourite essence of the world of fashion and beauty. Today, when women no longer exploit their "weakness" and are on war service of one kind or another, Atkinsons, still made from the traditional recipe, is a source of soothing comfort and well-earned pleasure. . . . Atkinsons is very scarce in war time, so be glad when you *can* obtain it; please be patient when you can't.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

AEC 139A-96 J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

The finest Soap
for a lovely baby
Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the surest way of purifying and cleansing the skin.
204 Of all Chemists and Stores.
Cuticura
SOAP
FOR BABY

Europe's Underground

(*Continued from page* 15)

would duly pick up at sea, and—good night.

But the Norwegians were not so simple. They had a double and treble check on certain signals and passwords which established authenticity, and they changed these checks periodically, and the traitor had slipped up there. Or, more accurately, his employers had. They should have been more patient and cautious, and let the unimportant escapees get away safely, thereby assuring genuine safe arrival notifications, and building an impregnable confidence in their tool. As it was, the Nazi bloodhounds could not bear to let even small prey escape; and as a result they lost their big game, and it was the traitor who presently went to feed the fishes.

The Czech underground leaders don't make the Gestapo mistake. General Krejci was premier for two years in Hacha's quisling government. He collaborated with Baron von Neurath and was cursed by his countrymen. But what had been queer little noises in the undergrowth of the Czech jungle grew louder and more incessant. What might be one man creeping along began to sound like many. Himmler's local men grew more and more alarmed and suspicious.

At last Heydrich replaced the ponderous von Neurath; and General Krejci died against a wall. But he had put his time to good account. In his two years he had organised a secret Czech army. Heydrich executed 2,463 persons by official count, and many more unofficially, before the underground execution squad, by a masterly piece of work, caught up with him, and executed him in turn by rifle fire.

The Germans had counted on Czech engineering brains for aid, but technical skill can cut two ways. In a country where several thousands of men can make a radio receiving or transmitting set from a few old cans, bits of wire, and stolen or surreptitiously fabricated parts, the Gestapo radio detection squads are kept busy. One day last July they thought they had a real coup. They located a transmitter in a wood outside Prague. They surrounded the spot, and pounced, only to find that the transmitter talking from a thicket was doing its job automatically. A little Czech device.

Organised and armed guerrilla bands cooperating with storm armies are another story; and if things go as report and rumour hint, guerrillas will play an important part in the re-conquest of Europe. While he can spare his garrison troops for internal security, the enemy commander can guard himself against guerrillas without great trouble. The time when he is vulnerable is when he needs all his men and fighting vehicles to defend himself against storming armies moving in from outside.

It will be no new thing. Lawrence's Arab guerrillas were a great aid to Allenby's army, and Wellington owed much to the Spanish guerrillas who helped him to drive Napoleon's forces out of Spain.

But the advent of air power has extended the guerrilla's potential. He can help by attacking airfields at the right time, or cooperating with parachute or air-borne advance troops whose task is to seize some strong point, a bridge or rail junction, securing it for the advancing main body, or denying it to a retiring enemy or enemy reinforcements. The imagination and energy of Allied staffs, as much as the courage and skill of local bands, will count in the final showdown.

The strength of the various guerrilla forces is anybody's guess, and anyway, in so far as it affects Allied invasion plans in particular countries, is a military secret.

The best-known and possibly the largest force waits in old Serbia and Montenegro, in the Croatian plains and along the Dalmatian coast; the remnants of the shattered Yugoslav Army under Mihailovich, War Minister in the Yugoslav Government, and the only minister of any of the emigré governments functioning in his own country.

His little army and his staff, his contacts with British military headquarters, and in spite of a price of £10,000 on his head, he waits, one of the most formidable of the time bombs lying just underground at the back doors to Hitler's doomed Third Reich.

END

"Dustbin Men" Fight Britain's Sea Hornets

(*Continued from page* 16)

luxuriant way in which they have been fitted out—down to the tiny galley equipped to the satisfaction of the fussiest housewife, with choice tinned food stocking the larder.

Great changes have taken place in the story of the east coast of Britain since 1940, and the light craft have played a major part in turning the page. In those early days the coast was infested with E-boats. "E-boat Alley" was the nickname given to that dangerous stretch by the sailors of the coastal convoys.

To-day the fight has been taken right across to the coast of the Nazi-ruled continent. No longer are the E-boats the gay hunters of coastal shipping. They know now what it is to be hunted, incessantly and inexorably, as they turn and twist in their desperate efforts to reduce the toll of *their* convoys and to save themselves from destruction.

Development of this new striking force has really brought about the training of a new group of sailors. Young they certainly are; mere boys some of them, you might say, but on their breasts you might notice the small ribbon of blue and white, the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Cross. There are very few professional sailors among them. Some of the officers used to be keen yachtsmen in the days of peace, and volunteered for the Navy at the outbreak of war. Others were just civilians who volunteered to do a big job of work. Their qualifications are a quick brain, superb physique, the eyes of a hawk, and guts. Most of them have never been to sea before the war, but each has to be a specialist of some kind.

The life of the personnel around the little harbours is a mixture of complete relaxation and instant action. The harbour itself has a way of changing its whole aspect as though by the turning of a single switch, from the ominous quiet of daytime to the pulsing life of late afternoon when a deep throb spreads from craft to craft as powerful motors are tuned up for the night's work.

Men off duty may be taking it easy in a local cinema, to be interrupted by a crisp message flashed across the screen: "Will men from X please report immediately." There is a slight stir among the audience as men rise and hurry out.

In the officers' mess they may be enjoying a quiet before-bedtime chat. A slight knock on the door and a Wren messenger enters and says one single word: IMMEDIATE.

The reaction is instantaneous. Half-finished sentences are clipped off short as the men race to their "cabins."

Into the assembly hall they hurry, as the commanding officers make for the "Operations Room" to receive their final orders. The phone rings, the Operations Officer takes the signal and repeats it to the officers. They nod and file out of the room. Another couple of minutes and the flotilla of roaring M.G.B.s is roaring on its way.

That is the unscheduled operation, additional to the normal patrols that go out with unfailing regularity. But unscheduled as it is, every man who stares out through the blinding foam knows his job. Every commander knows the plan of operation.

He knows it because of his long training and hard concentration, because in his cool brain he has stored away, not only his own experience, but the heritage of experience and teaching handed on to him by others who have stood in the "Dustbin" before him.

END

OVERHEARD AT THE BENCH

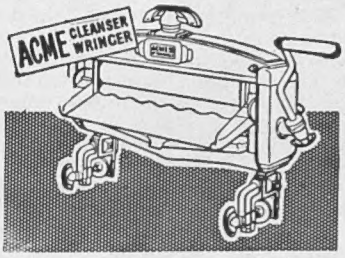
"... and I do all my own washing now, too."

"So do I, and I expect we'll have to go on with it long after the war. And I really don't mind. Thank goodness we managed to get our ★Acme before war broke out—it's amazing how easily it gets through a really big wash, and how crisp and clean everything comes out."

"You're perfectly right—fortunately I'm able to borrow a friend's."

"It's just the same with me—our Acme does for all the neighbours until they can get Acmes of their own . . . ."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer fits the smallest flatlet or the largest country house—and stands up to the heaviest family wash as easily as it looks after your sheerest silks.*



DISCREETLY DIFFERENT

. . is the girl who wears TANGEE. Your favourite peace-time lipstick – Natural or Theatrical Red – is available in handy battledress size. From your N.A.A.F.I. canteen, chemist or store.

TANGEE 10D
BATTLEDRESS SIZE

Lipstick refills in Tangee Natural and Theatrical Red, available in med. and large sizes 2/1 and 5/10

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

Warm Woollies

(*Continued from page* 37)

THE PANTIES (Right Leg)

Cast on 118 sts. with No. 11 needles in contrast wool. Work stocking st. for 8 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and pink wool and the lacy patt. for 1½ ins. Now work stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until there are 130 sts. Now k. 2 tog. on left edge of work only, on every 6th row until there are 115 sts. Now with p. side of work facing, work to within 10 sts. Turn. Work back; work to within 20 sts. Turn. Work back. Continue to work 10 less sts. on every row until there are 15 left. Now work 2 ins. stocking st. Change to No. 11 needles and work 2 ins. rib. Cast off.

LEFT LEG

Work as right, but dec. for back seam on right edge of work and having k. side of work towards you when shaping top.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams of vest. Hem top. Sew on ribbon. Sew up leg seams and back and front seams. Hem legs. Hem waist and thread elastic.

Pastel Sweater

(*Continued from page* 37)

until later. When there are 4 ins., cast off 8 sts. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Cast on 6 sts. at centre and work on these and other 11 (17 altogether) to correspond to other side.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 102 sts. Work moss st. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row (taking care to keep patt.) until there are 96 sts.

THE POCKET

Cast on 24 sts. Work moss st. for 3½ ins. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 80 sts. Work moss st. for 4 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more wool is needed.

36 SIZE

THE BACK AND FRONT

Cast on 106 sts. instead of 98. Increase to 136 sts. instead of 128. Reduce to 98 and work as 34 size.

38 SIZE

Work as 36 size on No. 9 needles.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on collar and pocket. Sew in sleeves, easing for 4 ins. across shoulders. Sew a single line of sequins round sleeve edges, pocket, collar and revers.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 23)

5. Do you look for spots and stains at least once a week and deal with them appropriately?
6. Special for girls in camps and war nursery workers. Do you keep a small tooth comb and use it at least once and preferably twice a week?
7. Is your hair always as glossy and sleek as it can be?
8. If you wear an indoor cap, is it invariably spick and span? Nothing looks worse than a grubby, crumpled white cap.
9. Even if your stockings are not fully fashioned, are they invariably fresh, well aired, and worn without wrinkles?
10. Do you use a deodorant every day (and even if you cannot get your favourite brand such as Arrid, Mum, Odorono, remember that a few drops of Dettol in the rinsing water will ensure under-arm freshness and happy feet)?

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

"I know just how you feel dear, on 'certain days' I used to be so depressed and irritable that I was a nuisance to every one until a good friend advised me to try Cephos: now all my pain and troubles are things of the past. Try it yourself right away." It is a safe and certain remedy regularly relied upon by modern women. Cephos is also a most effective treatment for Colds and 'Flu. Sold everywhere in Tablet or powder form. 8 powders or 16 tablets 1/3. 21 powders or 42 Tablets 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos REG'D
Pronounced See-foss
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

"On the job!"
EAT BERMALINE BREAD
for its greater nourishment
ASK YOUR BAKER OR WRITE
MONTGOMERIE & CO LTD · IBROX · GLASGOW

"Correct Fitting for all School Ages"

"Birthday"
CHILDREN'S SHOES
Stocked by
LILLEY & SKINNER + SAXONE
RUSSELL & BROMLEY + RANDALL
... JONES & SONS + PUBLIC BENEFIT
TIMPSON + CRADDOCKS + MILWARD
BAYNE & DUCKETT

A Time For Tact (*Continued from page 28*)

which he had removed from the safe in the company's offices. The numbers had been circulated by the police in all States neighbouring Brazil.

While he was waiting for his change the cashier phoned the police. Dietrich sat at his table waiting impatiently. He was a thickly built man of middle age with a heavy chin and small red-rimmed eyes. Suspicion must have twitched in his brain, for he wasn't in the restaurant when the police arrived. The ten-mile Panama Zone was tooth-combed by Civilian Intelligence, but he could not be found.

Colonel Macey of U.S. Canal Defence sat in his office and pressed a dozen buttons in as many seconds, with a huge cross-section chart of Central America spread before him on the desk. If this spy was as clever as he seemed to be he would know that Panama was too hot for any comfort. If necessary, a house-to-house search would be made. No, he would make a dash for freedom. Every frontier patrol was warned and alert, and his one hope was to hide aboard some ship heading south. Five of the buttons on his desk brought five stations of Interceptor Command out on patrol.

Grant Williams, Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Corps, was just hopping into a P-40 fighter when another pilot strolled across the runway. They chatted for a few minutes.

"You don't say!" whistled Williams.

"What's cooking?" called Jim Paley, his co-pilot and navigator, pulling on his goggles.

"Just a murder in Panama," laughed Williams. In a matter of seconds Albrook Field was sliding dizzily away and they were flying low over the Caribbean.

"We're looking for a Fritz agent, Jim," shouted the pilot. "If you see a boat that looks suspicious we'll go down and challenge. O.K.?"

They had covered many miles of sea and sky and were already thinking of turning back when Paley thought he had spotted a dark speck on the white moonlight water. The P-40 banked and dived, but there was nothing to be seen.

"Must have been a ripple," said Paley.

Williams was frowning. "I guess we ought to land and take a look-see," he muttered. "Maybe that ripple you saw might have heard our engines and made a landfall until we'd moved on. We can spend the night down there and make a few inquiries at daybreak."

They landed bumpily and Paley looked round and shook his head.

"I know this country," he grunted.

MANUEL was strumming a guitar when the German walked into the shack. He was tall and thin with glittering feverish eyes. His linen trousers were starched with dirt, and he wore the rope-soled shoes of a peasant. He had tried to grow coffee but the fall in prices had ruined him. Now he was hoping to make a fortune out of cotton, but the platinum mines were drawing his best labourers. He was left with a bare half-dozen peons who grumbled all the time for better wages. So he listened to the waves or strummed his guitar and dreamed of making a fortune. Once a month he drove into Barranquilla and went to the pictures. The last time they were showing a Consuelo Garcia film, and he had sat through the show twice.

He put down his guitar and bowed politely to the German.

"Good evening, senor," he said pleasantly. "You must forgive my appearance. I do not have many visitors."

Dietrich gave him a hard stare and looked about him cautiously.

"I am on a fishing holiday," he said in careful Castilian Spanish. "I noticed the light from your house and hoped you might be able to provide me with gasoline."

Manuel bowed again. "I hope you will accept the hospitality of my humble home," he said.

"Muchas gracias," said Dietrich, a little stiffly. He wondered if the fellow was drunk or a little mad, which was not surprising in such a desolate place.

Within a few minutes they were sitting over a meal of "huevos rancheros," fried eggs and chili sauce, with the usual leathery "tortilla." Dietrich ate with good appetite, but he was scarcely listening to his host. That aircraft had worried him a little; it might be a good plan to lie low for a while and then strike for Ecuador where he had friends. This place seemed an ideal hide-out, and the Spaniard did not appear to be inquisitive.

Manuel whisked out two tumblers and filled them from a flask of "mescal." "This will warm you, senor." He was smiling like a happy child, anticipating a long talk with the stranger.

Dietrich leaned across the table. "I like your home, senor," he said quietly, "and would wish to stay a day or two. I am weary of fishing," he added with a shrug.

Manuel slapped his thigh. "That would be formidable," he shouted.

They were half-way through the flask of "mescal," with Manuel discoursing warmly on the novels of Ibañez, when the German noticed for the first time that the wall was plastered with pictures of a dark and beautiful woman in various artistic poses. To change the subject which was boring him he pointed to the photographs.

"Who is that, senor?" he demanded with a sly wink. "You seem to be an admirer."

Manuel cast an affectionate eye over the wall. "That, my good friend, is the great film actress, Consuelo Garcia."

Dietrich laughed harshly. "You mean 'was,' my friend," he said with a short laugh. "She was killed in Panama this evening. Some jealous lover." He shrugged lightly.

The Spaniard put down his glass slowly. He stared at the German as if he were a ghost. "Killed?" he echoed stupidly. The stars had suddenly stopped singing. Consuelo dead. . . . The woman that millions of ardent South Americans adored.

"You are joking, senor," he said with a forced laugh.

Dietrich smiled cynically. "An actress," he sneered. "Her lover discovered her with another man and shot her. You take these Americano pictures too seriously, my friend. She was only a——"

Manuel jumped to his feet and hit the German hard across the mouth. Dietrich reeled back in surprise.

"Go to your boat, 'gringo,'" rasped Manuel. "You do not stay under my roof."

Deitrich tried to think quickly. "I need some petrol, senor," he said in a voice that wasn't quite steady. "I did not intend——"

"*Go*," roared the Spaniard. He picked up a gun that was leaning against his desk.

"Senor, you have misunderstood——" There was panic in the German's voice. "I will give you money. Look——" He took out his wallet.

The gun was pointing at his heart. He followed Dietrich down to the motor launch.

MANUEL had finished the flask and was well into the second when the two Americans stumbled up the veranda steps.

"Good evening, caballeros," he said with a hiccup. "Will you honour me by joining me in a glass of something?"

The airmen exchanged glances. "Si, senor," said Williams. The two words practically comprised his stock of Spanish.

Manuel lurched towards his cabinet and found two more glasses. "I am a little nervous to-night, caballeros," he said in English. "Is it true that Consuelo Garcia is dead?"

Williams gave him a funny look. "How do you know that, my friend?" he demanded sharply. "Is it on the radio?"

Manuel shook his head sadly. "No, senor. The news does not come until ten o'clock. A visitor, a 'gringo,' came in here only an hour since. A son of a dog——" Something hit Williams hard. He stared round the room and noticed the pictures of the actress.

"Was this stranger a middle-size guy, clean-shaven, wearing a Panama hat?"

"No hat," said Manuel awkwardly, "but he had a boat. No petrol."

Williams made for the door. "What's the next place down the coast?"

"Merino, senor," answered Manuel. "But is it true about the great Consuelo Garcia——"

The airmen did not stop to answer. Williams was rushing along with Paley tagging at his heels asking a dozen questions.

"First stop Merino, pal," he jerked out. "That's where we'll be meeting that guy."

"Wait a minute, Sherlock Holmes," panted Paley, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "How come you're so darned sure?"

Williams levered himself behind the controls. "One of the boys told me the sad news about Consuelo just as we were taking off on this merry-go-round," he said with a laugh. "Only a guy who was in Panama this evening could have known it. That sounds like the guy who called on our friend back there."

Paley grunted. "Maybe he heard it on the radio," he objected.

"Not a chance," laughed the pilot, revving up. "The news won't come through on the air until ten o'clock." He looked at his watch. "That's ten minutes from now. I'm sorry for that guy back there, drinking himself silly over Consuelo, but I'm sure glad he's a film fan. What a break for us!" The plane roared into the darkness. "Herr Dietrich, here we come!"

END

Homes in Fiction (*Continued from page 42*)

School, of *Jane Eyre*. Now a private house, this residence was the Clergy Daughters' School, attended by the Brontë sisters.

Jane Eyre also introduces Wycollar Hall (as Ferndean Manor), now a ruined mansion in an unspoiled valley on the Yorkshire-Lancashire border.

Sir Walter Scott's historical classics have similarly brought fame to some of our old houses and mansions. A link with the Marmions, whose life story lies behind one of Scott's best-known romances, is to be found at the pretty village of West Tanfield, in Uredale, Yorkshire. The real-life Marmions lived at Marmion Tower, a castle built shortly after the Scottish Wars, and though the stronghold no longer exists, the old gatehouse still stands.

One of the finest mansions associated with Scott's novels is Temple Newsham, now the property of the Leeds Corporation. It is reputed to be the Templestowe of *Ivanhoe*, though there are other claimants to that honour. There is probably no house in the north more packed with art treasures.

Living writers have brought literary fame to England's old halls no less than distant authors have done. *Windyridge*, the Yorkshire best-seller by William Riley, not only put its author in the forefront of the literary world some thirty years ago, but threw the limelight on the village of Hawksworth, overlooking Middle Airedale, when it was disclosed that this hamlet was the scene of the story.

END

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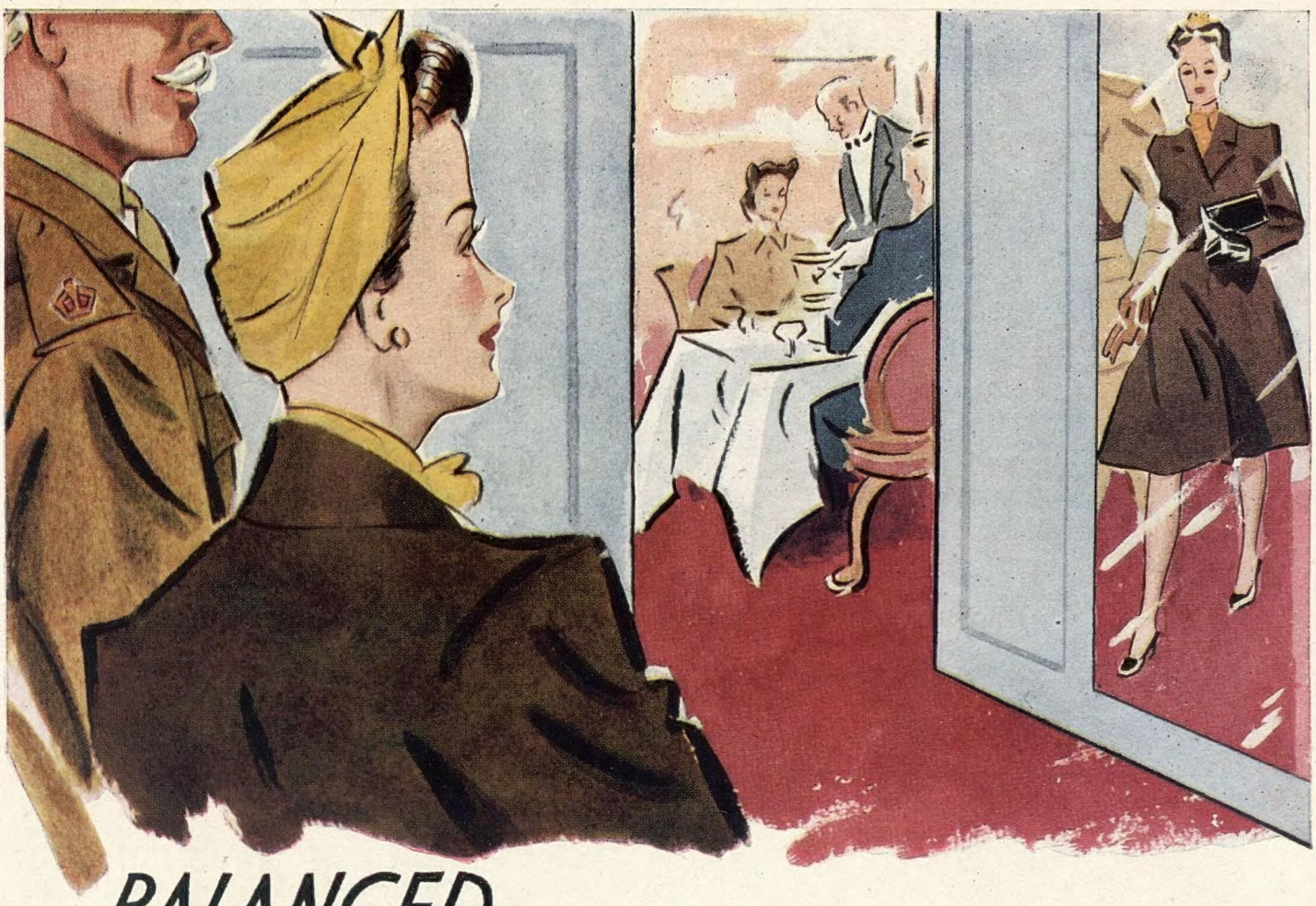

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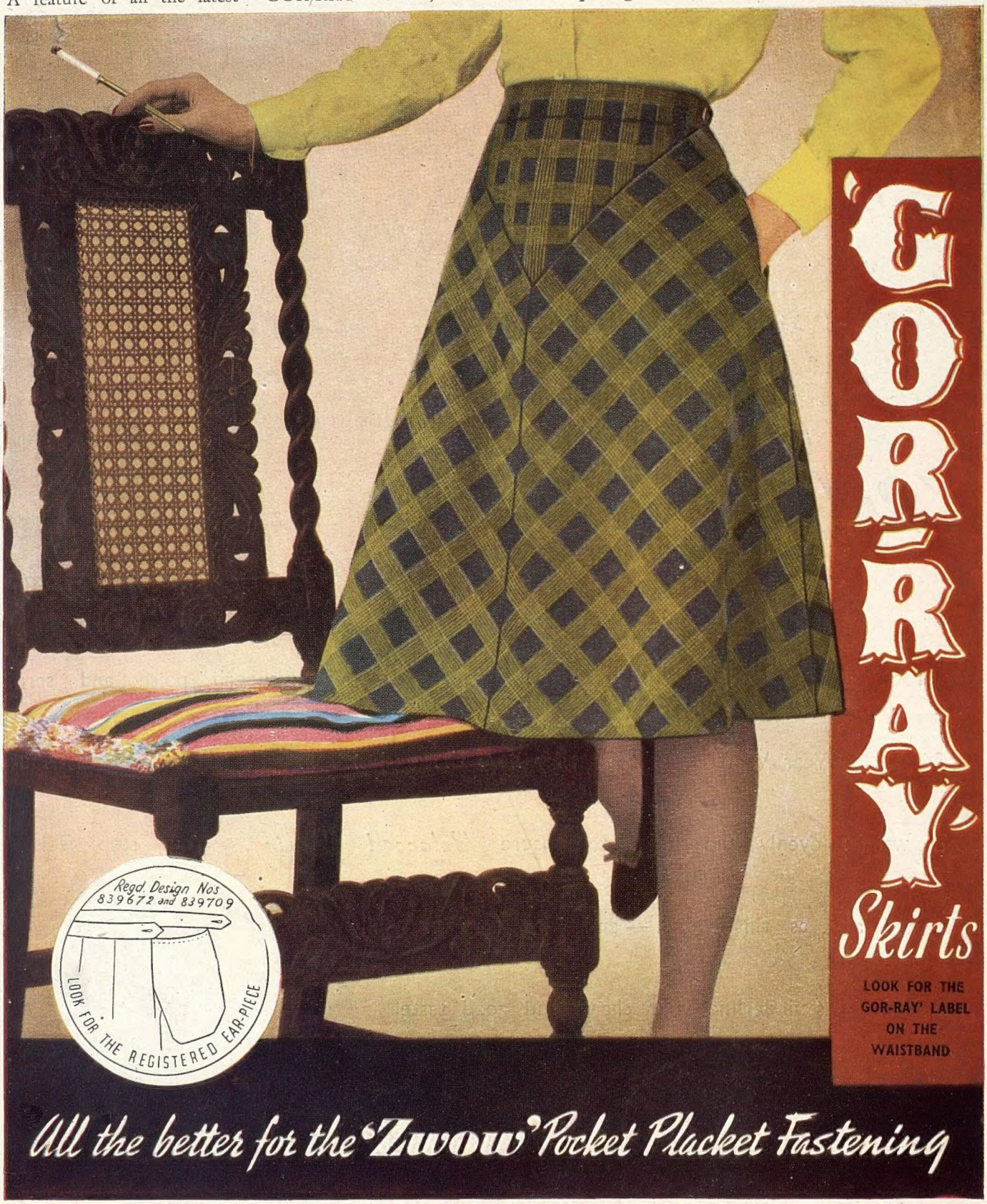
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